

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

VOLUME XIV.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1883.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENT

JOHN KEELY

"The Leader of Low Prices."

The overwhelming response to my last week's announcement has been highly satisfactory. Never since I have been in business has my store been more crowded! Never have the visitors to it been more enthusiastic over the extraordinary

BARGAINS

Which are always to be found there. It is a great pleasure when one has labored to get up an immense stock of goods, at prices extraordinarily low, to experience this enthusiasm. Outside the consideration of whatever profits may accrue, it is agreeable to know that, after all, the public is appreciative and recognize merit when found in both

GOODS

and prices! I here resume then the pleasant task of calling attention to some of the details of my truly immense stock!

JOHN KEELY SERVES THE RICHEST AND THE POOREST, THE YOUNGEST AND THE OLDEST WITH THE SAME COURTESY AND INTEGRITY.

JOHN KEELY'S DRESS GOODS STOCK,

is without doubt the largest in this market? It embraces everything in worsted goods from 8c per yard up to the finest French fabrics imported.

The stock of Brocaded Dress Goods at 8c and 10c yard is fabulously large, and quite varied!

At 12½c and 15c per yard, I challenge the state of Georgia to show in one house anything to compare with it!

In 20c and 25c goods, I show 500 pieces!

NO TWO PIECES ALIKE!

All colors, all styles of this

SEASON.

Many of the goods which go to compose this lot of

DRESS GOODS!

were intended to sell at 40c and 50c yard.

BARGAINS, BARGAINS!

NOTHING BUT BARGAINS!

BLANKETS

I have 120 pieces beautiful Twilled French Dress Flannels, two grades, 35c and 40c yard, the same identically as those which I sold last winter at 75c and 85c yard.

There never was anything like them here at the price!

They are every particle wool! All the de- sirable colors are to be found amongst them,

TALK ABOUT "SPOT CASH"

who can match these "matchless" Bargains? This is the sort of thing which people want for their money. They don't care whether a merchant buys or sells for "Spot Cash!" The man with the best goods for the lowest price is the one for them!

RIGHT HERE YOU WILL FIND

JOHN KEELY

"The Man with the Best Goods for the Lowest Price!"

JOHN KEELY EMPLOYS ABOUT 14 MEN IN DRESS GOODS AND SILKS ALONE. HE COULD NOT DO SUCH A BUSINESS IF HIS GOODS AT PRICES WERE NOT RIGHT.

At 50c. yard I have some perfect Goods in Dress Goods! Not one of the styles to be found elsewhere! Not one of the styles was ever seen here before! There are hundreds of them! You can't fail to be delighted with them!

MY COLORED CASHMERMES

BEAT EVERYTHING HERE!

They range in price from 15c. to 75c. yard. They are in every possible shade of color! From red upwards they are all-wool! Doublets with Foullet Cloths, all-wool De Bees!

Beautiful shades in Ladies' Cloths! Lovely French fabrics in Soft Dress Goods!

The great centre of the Atlanta Dry Goods trade, under the shadow of which so many smaller stores thrive and prosper, is the Popular, Progressive, One Price Cash Store of

JOHN KEELY,

"THE LEADER OF LOW PRICES."

NOS. 58, 60, 62 AND 64 WHITEHALL STREET, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

JOHN KEELY

"The Leader of Low Prices."

500 DRESS PATTERNS IN COMBINATION SUITS.

LOVELY GOODS! CHOICE STYLES!

Thousands of things impossible to mention in detail, but all going to form a most interesting stock of Dress Goods.

JOHN KEELY'S STORE IS LIKE A BEE HIVE EVERY DAY. PEOPLE SOON FIND OUT WHERE THE BARGAINS ARE.

SILKS

I am showing the best 75, 85 and 90c Black Dress

SILKS

known to the silk trade of the United States!

My \$1 00

BLACK SILK

is something wonderful! It is Pure Silk! It has the weight of silk at double the price! It has the appearance of much more expensive silk!

It is guaranteed to be durable!

There is nothing like it in Georgia!

Black silks at \$1 10, \$1 15, \$1 25, \$1 35, \$1 50, \$1 65, \$1 75 and up to the finest grades imported!

At 12½c and 15c per yard, I challenge the state of Georgia to show in one house anything to compare with it!

In 20c and 25c goods, I show 500 pieces!

NOTICE!

There is not a piece of American silk in this immense stock!

The Black Silks are all of the celebrated "Guinet" manufacture, and after having sold them for the past ten years, I have heard only once, complaint!

Superb lines of Black and Colored Silk Velvets, in both plain and brocaded and embossed, all colors.

Complete line of colors in gross grain silks, at 8c, \$1 00 and \$1 25 for one of the best silks made!

Twenty Thousand Dollars worth of silks alone in this marvelously large and varied stock!

WHITE FLANNELS.

Embracing everything from 12½c yard up to the very finest grades made!

RED FLANNELS

Both plain and twilled, from an all Wool 15c Flannel up to the

FINEST GRADES

Red Flannels made!

BASKET FLANNELS—GREY FLANELS, plain and twilled. Embroidered

Flannels by the dozen styles, in fact, the flannel stock is perfect and the prices all the way through are

RIGHT!

JOHN KEELY ASKS FAVOR OF

NONE OF HIS COMPETITORS IN THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SUPREMACY.

CASSIMERES, JEANS, ETC.

This is a very important stock, has never before been so well looked after as this season, in it will be found—

200 pair better grade white blankets, \$1 75 pair, good value for \$2 75.

You'll never look upon their like again!

100 pair of the best \$2 25 white blankets in the whole country! They are worth nearly

DOUBLE THE MONEY.

Hundreds of pair beautiful white blankets at \$2 50, \$2 75, \$3 50 a pair. They are marvelously cheap!

EVERY ONE OF THEM!

At \$4 50 and \$5 00 each I will sell a large sized fine

BLANKET

fully equal in quality to those which I sold at \$7 00 and \$7 50 last year.

A few hundred pair of finer grade blankets, all sizes, 10x4, 11x4, 12x4 at prices

PROPORTIONATELY LOW!

There is no doubt in my mind that this is by far the largest, most interesting stock of

all grades.

FALL & WINTER CLOTHING FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN

OF first rate quality and the very

LOWEST PRICES

AT A & S. ROSENFIELD,
GATE CITY CLOTHING HOUSE
24 WHITEHALL STREET.

JOHN KEELY

"The Leader of Low Prices."

BLANKETS

ever shown in this city, and when it comes to prices the matter admits of

NO COMPARISON.

with what we have seen before!

Hundreds of pair Grey Blankets, Saddle Blankets, Ironing Blankets, Horse Covers, Buggy Robes, Carriage Robes, etc., All new! All equally cheap!

JOHN KEELY'S "BARGAINS" ARE SOMETHING TANGIBLE. NOT MERE DRAFTS UPON THE IMAGINATION.

FLANNELS!

FLANNELS!

FLANNELS!

300 pieces Gilbert A. Opera Flannels, 25c. per yard! Why? They are worth 65c. any where!

"Well," said a neighboring merchant yesterday, who looked over the immense piles of them, "a man who would sell those goods for 25c is capable of almost anything."

The price is simply "Atrociously" low!

BUT

JOHN KEELY

Loves to sell goods at half their price, and at less than half price WHEN HE CAN DO SO AND MAKE A PROFIT TOO!

REMEMBER.

John Keely never pretends to sell goods for less than cost. NO SENSE IN THAT! but he does somehow, get hold of some wonderful bargains! As he has no partners among whom to divide the profits, a very slight advance upon cost will always satisfy him.

A superb stock of

WHITE FLANNELS.

Embracing everything from 12½c yard up to the very finest grades made!

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Both plain and twilled, from an all Wool 15c Flannel up to the

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SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR.

I beg to call

THE LOST GOLD.

THE STORY OF THE STOLEN CONFEDERATE TREASURE.

The Wagon Train on Its Way to Washington, Georgia.

THE DASH OF DEVAUGHN'S MEN

How the Secret of the Division Leaked Out.

TALES OF HORROR FOLLOWING THE CAPTURE.

The Whole Story Told by an Eye Witness.

Written Especially for the Constitution.

BY T. C. M'LENDON, OF DANBURG, GA.

It is strange everyone is the hero of the story he writes. A few months ago General P. W. A., a writer of some note during the civil war, undertook to tell, or rather not to tell, what became of the much talked of and coveted confederate gold. He immediately descends into the line of a hero, and finds himself at the head of a gallant little band, hunting up the golden treasure. It is remarkable that such a mystery should have shrouded an event, so publicly done, and if there had not been something anterior to the act of the soldiers charging the train of wagons, there would have been no mystery at all. At least, the public would have long ago known the whole affair. And why some have attempted to unravel the matter, and so signally failed, is hard to understand, unless to make the mystery more mysterious. I do not know that I would have ever written anything in this connection but from the fact that General P. W. A. used so flippantly the word "robber" in speaking of those young men who did charge the wagon train, as they called it, and which they never denied. I like to see any affair fairly represented, and what I shall say shall be the truth and caught set down in malice. I think after the lapse of seventeen years from the transaction I will be able to write calmly and dispassionately. Another and more potent reason for writing this little volume is because I believe the facts have a place in history of permanent value. The whole thing was in immediate connection with the war, and full of interest in showing the condition of the country in its great transition from proud republic to almost abject servility, and leading the reader to observe the difference in the characters of men under different circumstances. Though perhaps there is to be recorded no very heroic exploits, yet the whole story will show the great difference in true and tried soldiers and a "gallant band." The contrast is truly sublime if I could do the subject justice. With these preliminary remarks, I shall now begin my story.

The Story Told.

DANBURG, September 29.—It was a hot, sultry evening in June, 1863. I was sitting in front of a store in the village of Danburg, Wilkes county, Ga., feeling as sad as could be. Everything looked gloomy indeed. I fancied I could not get my breath freely at home and had sauntered to the village to find relief. The atmosphere seemed to oppress me and I could not rid myself of forebodings. After I had gone to the village I sat apart from those who were there. Just in front of me was the ground on which I had, about three weeks before, disbanded a company of true soldiers as ever drew sabre. They had fought the last fight of the war, and had nobly stayed together until within a few miles of their respective homes. Somehow we had kept out of our mind the idea that the Yankees would ever whip the south; and did not believe it even when the fell stroke came, for when we saw soldiers returning from Lee's army we would tell them they were deserters, for our ambition to be thus suddenly smothered was worse than being overpowered. It was natural for me, while sitting there, to think of those noble men. I never saw a sadder crowd as we turned each to his own home. For we had fought and lost, not for the want of fortitude, but from some unaccountable blunders made by the powers at Richmond. They slaughtered more hearts than Albert Sidney Johnson's, and more than will ever be known. No pen will ever be able to picture the true inwardness of the war of the states. No one will ever be able to enter into the sanctuary of the true southern heart, and see the shrouds which cover the dead hopes there. There are deeper scars on the hearts of some soldiers than ever yankee bullets made. I knew not that the money which had been drawn out of the people, as almost life-blood, and ought to have been divided out among the soldiers, was so near me.

MYSTEROUS WAGONS.

For about this time several wagons were driven up by some white men. They seemed to be soldiers and no attention was paid to them. They came from the direction of Washington, Georgia. The men, about twenty in number, loitered about the village until nearly sundown, when they drove the wagons off, slowly in the direction of Petersburg, Georgia, and Abbeville, south Carolina. There was not a whisper of what the wagons contained, and I would have never thought again of the men or wagons, but for subsequent events. They moved along as if they knew exactly where they would camp that night. They went about five miles and a half and took up camp in the lot of Mrs. Susan Moss, a widow lady, with whom Mr. Davis and his cabinet stopped the night before they reached Washington, Wilkes county, Georgia, and at whose house a considerable amount of jewelry and articles of gold were left, which constituted part of the confederate treasury, and which was contributed by the noble women of the south. I wish the reader to notice particularly all the events as they transpire, for they will corroborate what I will try to prove hereafter. The gold at the end of the first day's journey is about seventeen miles from Washington, the place where it was left by Mr. Davis. Let us leave it while we go back a little. I take for granted that most persons are aware of the fact that Mr.

Davis held his last cabinet meeting in Washington, Ga., and that he left most of the confederate treasury deposited there in three or four different places. Besides, there was accumulated in that place a great amount of army stores of all kinds—wagons, ambulances, mules, provisions, ammunition and ordnance. Now, if I could porsecute truly what was carried on in and around Washington during the stay of that gold in Wilkes county I would have a perfect panorama of life. It would present a commingling of all the emotions of the human heart at once interesting and amusing, yet without disgusting to the calm, disinterested observer. First, the ladies whose countenances betokened at once a look of curiosity and of dread; then the old men who had done all and borne all for the good of the confederacy, bowed heads and the look of despair; then the army contractor, with a flushed face, trying to extract a fortune of the ruin, and sons pressed by those who were watching him with jealous eyes. There were crowds of soldiers and would-be soldiers using all their wits and ingenuity to get their share of the spoils. Ever and anon you would see an old soldier, with half dozen youngsters around him, all his sons prettily—all been in the army, pressing the agents for a wagon and mites. You could see a crowd of boys drawing a cannon along, with threats that the Yankees should not have this, and on another street you would see boys hitching up mules and driving out of town as happy as if there had been no war. But the most curious looking of all were those grave custodians of the confederate treasury. They wore the expression of a man who is holding on to his pocket-book while a gang of robbers are doing a stagecoach. They were afraid to congregate and afraid to stay apart, and would move around the streets so as to pass each other once in awhile and exchange glances. They all became street-walkers. At any time of the night you could see them slipping about as stealthily as a cat.

WHERE WAS THE GOLD?

The question would naturally arise in the minds of the reader where was this gold all the while these events narrated were transpiring? A part of it was in the up stairs of a store house in Washington, a part in the old bank, a part at the depot, and the bullion in the cellar of another store house. From the way I write it would seem that very few knew of the whereabouts of the gold. There were a great many who believed they knew, but the times were so uncertain men did not know what hour would bring forth, and were afraid to tamper with the matter. Again this question is, why was it not all stolen? There were some self-consciouss guards who watched it more closely than had they been appointed by authority to whom they were accountable. They assumed the position, or they might have been told to see after it, when Mr. Davis left and after of course making themselves rich, as the sequel will show, were afraid to give up the remainder, as they did not know what might turn up. On several occasions the soldiers from the country threatened to charge the stores where they thought the money was, but were dissuaded by the owners of the stores telling them there was nothing there but their private property. Why these men so zealously guarded the gold, is patent to everyone.

A NEW PERSONAGE APPEARS.

While these events were progressing, another and a new personage appeared in the scene and one too who suited the exigency of the case exactly, as far as those who were guarding the gold were concerned. This man, Wiscare, for such he claimed to be his name, came like a night hawk, seemed ubiquitous, and represented myths. Yet he appeared with power, under the prevailing circumstances, for he soon collected, as he thought or pretended, the bulk of the confederate gold and had it on the way to Richmond, Virginia, via Abbeville, South Carolina. As we have already seen, Wiscare said he represented the banks of Richmond, Virginia, and that the gold belonged to him. This man had been to Washington and got together what funds he could find, and started it in the wagons spoken of, under the escort of those very men who had been guarding it before, and a few others he picked up about Washington, fifteen or twenty in number, and we left them in Mrs. Moss's encampment. This now brings us back to the wagons which is said to have been confined, when they stopped that night, all the treasury of the confederacy, except a few sacks of gold, which some writers say, were thrown over into General Robert Toombs's yard.

THE MIDNIGHT ATTACK.

It so happened that General Vaughn's brigade of cavalry was disbanded at or near Mrs. Susan Moss's house. Naturally enough a good many of the members were scattered through the neighborhood and living with different families. The country had become comparatively quiet by this time, and the neighborhood was congratulating itself with the turn affairs had taken. The negroes were not stirring, the Yankees not troublesome, and we thought we were doing finely under the circumstances. The time was quiet as usual. I went on from the village, and had nothing unusual to tell the soldiers who were at our home. But the quiet bespoke the storm which was to break before daylight next morning. And who will be responsible? Let the future tell. Some of Vaughn's men who were staying in the neighborhood—that were on the Washington and Abbeville road, saw the wagon train pass on, and a thrill of delight passed over them. Down came on, and now there was hot haste. Guards were going in every direction, and by nine o'clock there was a band of soldiers ready and prepared to pounce upon the confederate train. There were but few of them all told, but just such as would do their work well.

THE GOLD CAPTURED.

About ten o'clock the squad charged, headed by a Captain M., dressed in Yankee uniform, upon the escort of the wagons and captured them without firing a pistol or gun. They took the guard a little way off, put them in the corner of the fence and left them with two or three men to keep them quiet. The others proceeded to break open the boxes of gold and silver. Then there was wild work. Bags of gold were held up high and cheered after, such as none other than confederates could give, went up for Jeff Davis, which made the welkin ring. There were some very amusing actions and expressions perpetrated now. "Here's the place you get your money back," "Hurrah for our country, if she can still make her soldiers rich," "A bag that is too white, throw it away, my horse shan't tote silver," "Here's your golden wedge," "Where is Tom Aiken, he can take charge of the bullion." They had no idea there would be a rejected proposition.

But after a short pausus with those in front I learned that the crowd who were arresting the robbers, as they called them, wanted me to head the crowd and get up the money, and I would get a goodly share. I drew my horse back in indignity, and as I turned around remarked: "Never before will I do so dastardly an act as to arrest a confederate soldier for nothing, I'll see my throat cut." I rode on back, with the crowd following. I went to bed and slept, until just before day I awoke, saying: "Adventurers make merchants." The man I was sleeping with was a Tennessee soldier, and asked, "What was that you were saying?" "I don't know, but Gus, I had a dream, and now if you will do as I tell you, we will have a fortune. You know Captain M.—, and those fellows over at Mr. C.—?"

A REJECTED PROPOSITION.

"Yes?"

GET UP AND GO.

"Get right up, and go to them before it is light, and they will give you forty thousand dollars."

The lazy fellow lay there and yawned, and I could not get him off until daylight. He went, and by the time they saw him they asked: "Why did you not come sooner? We would have given you as much gold as you wanted. We had to give up lots of it to those fellows to make fair weather." Gus said: "A little captain told me you all would give me forty thousand dollars if I would gether before day."

WHAT CAPTAIN?

"A little fellow, who has just got home from the army."

HOW DID HE KNOW IT?

"He dreamt it."

WE HAVE JUST GIVEN UP FORTY THOUSAND TO WISECARE'S CROWD."

almost all silver instead of gold. So far all had gone well. The sun shone as bright as ever next morning.

THE NEWS ABROAD.

Everything seemed quiet. The affair was known to but a very few. There was preaching at a church close by that day, and nothing uncommon appeared save a curious look on the countenance of those persons present. You could hear such expressions as:

"They made a clean sweep of the confederate gold last night."

"Who did?"

"Oh, that's the matter. No one knows. I came by Mrs. Moss's this morning, and the ground was covered with quarters, halves and dimes. Those guards say the Yankees charged them last night and took the confederate treasury."

There was a considerable number of soldiers among the crowd and the very captain who led the charge was listening to these remarks being made. Preaching began and it soon became apparent from those who fell asleep that they were the men who had not slept the night before. But council was well kept, and but for one little untoward circumstance the whole thing would have been a complete mystery. There happened to be a young man, a soldier by the name of McBride, who was sick and left or loitered behind the retiring army. He arrived in the neighborhood of Mrs. Moss's that evening, and was taken into the charge. Next morning, after McBride had bid his adieu and fastened a few dollars in his waistband, he resumed his journey towards his home in Mississippi. As he was passing through the village of Danburg, his attention was caught by the word "Saloon" over a shop door. He entered the shop, and the trap was sprung which was to catch the whole crowd. Before he left he bought a cake and threw down a bright silver quarter, secured his change in some old fashioned thrills, and went on chewing his gingerbread as unsuspecting and unsuspected as a wounded soldier could be. About 12 o'clock the same day the ubiquitous Wiscare appeared in the streets of Danburg as unconcerned as an alligator in the middle of Cape Fear river. You could see a crowd of boys drawing a cannon along, with threats that the Yankees should not have this, and on another street you would see boys hitching up mules and driving out of town as happy as if there had been no war. But the most curious looking of all were those grave custodians of the confederate treasury. They wore the expression of a man who is holding on to his pocket-book while a gang of robbers are doing a stagecoach. They were afraid to congregate and afraid to stay apart, and would move around the streets so as to pass each other once in awhile and exchange glances. They all became street-walkers. At any time of the night you could see them slipping about as stealthily as a cat.

THE WOMAN IN THE AFFAIR.

Those boys had given up a considerable amount and thought they were all right. Now the question naturally arises, why didn't those fellows leave with their money? There was a woman in the affair, as is almost always the case. One of them, and happened to the one who was the master of the house, he could hear such expressions as:

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"Who did?"

"Oh, that's the matter. No one knows. I came by Mrs. Moss's this morning, and the ground was covered with quarters, halves and dimes. Those guards say the Yankees charged them last night and took the confederate treasury."

There was a considerable number of soldiers among the crowd and the very captain who led the charge was listening to these remarks being made. Preaching began and it soon became apparent from those who fell asleep that they were the men who had not slept the night before. But council was well kept, and but for one little untoward circumstance the whole thing would have been a complete mystery. There happened to be a young man, a soldier by the name of McBride, who was sick and left or loitered behind the retiring army. He arrived in the neighborhood of Mrs. Moss's that evening, and was taken into the charge. Next morning, after McBride had bid his adieu and fastened a few dollars in his waistband, he resumed his journey towards his home in Mississippi. As he was passing through the village of Danburg, his attention was caught by the word "Saloon" over a shop door. He entered the shop, and the trap was sprung which was to catch the whole crowd. Before he left he bought a cake and threw down a bright silver quarter, secured his change in some old fashioned thrills, and went on chewing his gingerbread as unsuspecting and unsuspected as a wounded soldier could be. About 12 o'clock the same day the ubiquitous Wiscare appeared in the streets of Danburg as unconcerned as an alligator in the middle of Cape Fear river. You could see a crowd of boys drawing a cannon along, with threats that the Yankees should not have this, and on another street you would see boys hitching up mules and driving out of town as happy as if there had been no war. But the most curious looking of all were those grave custodians of the confederate treasury. They wore the expression of a man who is holding on to his pocket-book while a gang of robbers are doing a stagecoach. They were afraid to congregate and afraid to stay apart, and would move around the streets so as to pass each other once in awhile and exchange glances. They all became street-walkers. At any time of the night you could see them slipping about as stealthily as a cat.

THE NEWS ABROAD.

Everything seemed quiet. The affair was known to but a very few. There was preaching at a church close by that day, and nothing uncommon appeared save a curious look on the countenance of those persons present. You could hear such expressions as:

"They made a clean sweep of the confederate gold last night."

"Who did?"

"Oh, that's the matter. No

A GAMBLER'S GOLD.

THE STORY OF DINK DAVIS AND HIS ENORMOUS Winnings.

"Broke" Man Who Wears \$1,000 Diamonds—Some Big Games of Faro—Forty-two Thousand Dollars for a Two-Dollar Bill—Gamblers Want a License, Etc.

Mr. Dink Davis, looking bright and happy as ever, was eating his breakfast at the lunch-counter of the Brower house yesterday morning when a reporter of the World asked him to what extent Dame Fortune had recently smiled on him at the gaming-table.

"Oh, I'm busted, cleaned out, made away with!" he replied, with a gay laugh. "Why, you've published my obituary. I believe all the papers in New York have, and I ought really to oblige them by having myself decently interred instead of walking about in broad daylight, a perambulating refutation, as I might say, to their statements. Do you know that the accounts of any winnings I have made have singled me out as a target to go for by every wielder of the dice-box and shuffler of cards in the country? Now, my tip in the future is going to be that I'm dead broke. I'm going to put a marker in for this meal."

He winked quizzically at the attendant of the lunch-counter and nibbled at a dainty chop he held in his hand, on one finger of which sparkled a \$1,000 diamond ring. A jewel of similar value glittered in his scarf. Otherwise he was the wif of a modest brown, cut in sober fashion, and his cleanly shaven face gave him the appearance rather of a divinity student than the expert manipulator around the green cloth-table.

WINNING \$42,000.

"You've made big strike recently, haven't you?" asked the reporter.

"No, but I can tell you about some others who have. There's Fat Sheeble. A couple of weeks ago he went to the Cleveland races with only a \$2 bill in his pocket. He put it up against the bank which follows the races on their circuit. He made a haul of \$9,000 the first play, and in two days won \$35,000. That's what I call dead luck, and it didn't send him."

He came on here and added \$30,000 to his winnings. Last night he showed a \$42,000, and I'll bet that was a good deal of money for a person to carry around with him in New York. Pat owns a share in the finest house in Chicago. His partners are Bush, Johnson and Hines."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Tall, handsome-looking fellow, with a black mustache. He is about thirty-one years old, weighs 210 pounds and is married. His dress is of the nubbiest style and he changes it three times a day. He wears a four-karat diamond stud in his scarf and a similar ring on his finger. He is talking about getting a new name, something like Napoléon, a new name, something like Rotzett, and invented by the celebrated DuNade, at present in Mexico. The game is usually played with a \$2,500 limit, but Pat proposes to make it unlimited. You can add, which is a fact, that Pat used to keep a barber shop in Hartford, where he shaved many a customer. He now confines his attention to shaving faro banks."

"Is there any special reason why a barber should make a successful gambler?"

MAKING FACES.

"None that I know of, and yet there's Henry Behm, of Syracuse, better known as Dutch Hank, who also used to keep a second hand dealer's shop in Cheyenne, Wyoming. He is to-day worth \$60,000, has three faro banks and a larger beer brewery and a sporting house in the city in which he resided. Hank never passes his word without making it good to the minute, and he is very liberal towards his friends. I'll let you in the secret of how he gains all his money. He wins it by making races. Fact, I assure you. When a fellow is betting heavily against the bank, Hank suddenly screws up his left eye, and then the players lose, sure pop. By the way, did you hear of Tom Mackey's haul at the Jumbo the other day?"

"No? It's the latest thing; only happened day before yesterday. Tom was down to his last shiner and staked it on the hazard cloth. You know the game, don't you? Played with dice. The boys call it 'sweat' and it makes a man sweat sometimes, you bet. Well, Tom rose from the table a winner of \$1,000. He at once sent the money to his brother-in-law in Utah, and fear he should lose it all again. He doesn't believe that lightning will strike a man twice."

"Don't you think that games in this city ought to be licensed as they are in some European towns?"

"I couldn't say how that would work, but there's a man here who's opinion on that subject is worth more than mine. He's Mr. Janaway. He is one of the oldest sportsmen in the profession, and the real originator of the lozenge-story—starting in with a lozenge and never ending. He is known which he has been openly credited to be a gambler. There he is now," added Mr. Davis, as a portly gentleman, with a military bearing, iron-gray hair and mustache, and the white bosom of his shirt studded with three magnificent diamonds, entered the room. "Ho! Janaway!"

The gentleman thus addressed drew near, and on being informed what the question was, said:

GAMBLERS WANT A LICENSE.

"I am in favor of license by all means, and I believe I speak the sentiment of all of my fraternity who want to play a fair and square game without being liable to police interference. A heavy license liable to forfeiture for any 'cheating' would business would about fill the bill. It would drive out the disreputable dens and confine the play to a limited number of first-class houses which no gentleman would be afraid of or ashamed to resort to. Where's the firm, I'd like to know?" continued the veteran sportsman, warming up with his subject.

"Look at the Prince of Monaco. See what a revenue he derives from gambling and what good he does with it to the poor of his principality. I understand that in Paris there is a regular tax for gambling-houses and that they are all under police protection. Is not gambling going on at all our clubs here and are they ever interfered with? Then look at Wall street. Is there any den where more people are ruined or a meaner game played than in that legitimized gambling-hell? If play could be carried on in public it would keep men away from Wall street. In faro, roulette or any game of chance everything is open and above board, a man sees what is going on, and when he's got enough of it, he's off stock gambling. I've seen a \$50,000 crossing Broad street to tell my broker to sell. A few ring-leaders manipulate the stock in secret and everybody else has to go it blind. A friend of mine lost \$100,000 in the third month in Wall street, his family is beggared, he is totally ruined and heart-broken. Only yesterday he told me that he felt like committing suicide. I believe in all the annals of gambling you cannot show me a person who has lost that amount of money in the same space of time. Yes, I'm in favor of a license and with proper agitation I believe we will have one."

A Good Reason.

From the Texas Sifters.

"O, Charles, let us turn and go off some other way; there is that bad man following us."

"Who is that fellow, my dear?"

"Why, that is the man who was so near marrying me before I met you. I just hate him."

By Joe! so do I."

"Yours?"

"Yass"

"You don't know him. How can you hate him?"

"He didn't marry you, don't cher know, my love."

If and If.

"If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer, if you are simply ailing, or if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters will surely cure you."

"If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a Mother worn out with care and work, or a man of business or labor weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will surely strengthen you."

"If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indisposition or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case."

"Or if you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating, without intoxicating, you are old, blood thin and impure, pale, feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties waning, Hop Bitters is what you need to give you new life, health, and vigor."

If you are astute or dyspeptic, or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach, bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill.

If you are wasting away with a form of Kidney disease, stop tempestuous death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in Hop Bitters."

If you are a constipated, or a resident of a mining district, hardened your system against the scourge of all countries—malaria, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath, and a full wallet.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters costing but a trifle."

THREE WARNINGS

A SICK STOMACH—AN ACHING HEAD—AND CONSIDERABLE GENERAL DEBILITY, ARE THREE WARNINGS WHICH IT IS MADNESS TO DISREGARD. DANGEROUS DISEASES MAY BE EXPECTED TO FOLLOW THEM IF NOT ARRESTED WITHOUT DELAY, TONE THE RELAXED MOUTH, CALM THE EXCITED BRAIN, INVIGORATE THE NERVOUS SYSTEM AND REGULATE THE BOWELS WITH TARRANT'S TARTARIC SAPERFÉT.

IF YOU WISH TO EVAPE THE EVILS WHICH THE PREMONITORY-YMPTOMS INDICATE, HOW MANY CONSUMING FEVERS, VIOLENT BILIOUS ATTACKS, NERVOUS PAROXYSMS AND OTHER TERRIBLE AILMENTS MIGHT BE PREVENTED IF THIS AGREEABLE AND INCOMPARABLE SALINONIC AND ALTERATIVE WERE ALWAYS TAKEN IN TIME? SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

STRONG'S SANATIVE PILLS

FOR THE LIVER.

A SICKY STOMACH—A CONSTIPATED BOWEL, A SWELLING IN THE GENITAL OR ANOREXIA, ARE THE SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASE WHICH CAN ONLY BE CURED BY STRONG'S SANATIVE PILLS.

THESE PILLS ARE THE ONLY MEDICAL CURE FOR THESE DISEASES.

THEY ARE MADE OF THE BEST HERBS AND ROOTS.

THEY ARE MADE IN THE FORM OF PILLS.

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THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WHAT HE SEES, HEARS AND IMAGINES TO BE.

A Few Facts About Jersey Cattle—The Capital Engaged in Insurance—Advertisers as Specimen-Tax Hay Fever—Insorance in Building Bonds—The Gold Region of Georgia.

ATLANTA, Ga., September 28.—"The gold region of Georgia," said the Hon. E. H. Beck of Lumpkin, "is the scene of an activity and prosperity that is little understood. There is actually invested in mines and machinery and houses in my county \$2,500,000. In the other counties of the gold region there is as much more, making a total of \$5,000,000 actually invested."

"Is the investment a paying one?"

"It is. Mr. Andrews of the Ivey consolidated mine, says he signed checks for \$72,000 clear dividend last year, on a capital stock of \$250,000, and a cash investment of half as much. The other mines are doing well, and have earned the confidence of northern capital. We have all the money that is needed for the development of our mines."

"Is your machinery of good pattern?"

"It is the most improved gold mining machinery in the world. And we are making more out of the steady crushing of lean gold ore than any section of country anywhere. The rich pockets that have distinguished this region are still frequently found. Mr. Beck ran one the other day that yielded \$108 worth of gold to one five-pound panful of dirt."

Away up in Habersham county there has just been planted the seed of a manufacturing city.

A short time ago a company headed by President Porter of the Merchants bank bought a water-power about seven miles from the village of Cartersville. They raised a capital of \$250,000, and are now building a woolen mill, that with the machinery and operative's houses, will cost over \$100,000. It is being fitted with the latest improved machinery, and being under practically the same management as the famous old Concord mills, will of course be successful.

A curious fact is that the mill will be run with out a dam. The water comes tumbling down in a cataract and furnishes the power without a dollar's artificial aid. Colonel J. W. Robertson says it is the finest power he ever saw, and that it will turn, without artificial help, \$5,000 worth of machinery. The mill now going up will feed five hundred people so that we will soon see a new town in old Habersham. The other water powers will be utilized later.

The legislature, after having tried for years to pass a dog law, have remitted it at last to the several counties. And this is. Now goes to the people, who will deal by local option with dogs, as with whisky and fees.

Mr. Foster, of Floyd, is the only man who ever got a dog-law through the legislature, and his country the only one that has a dog law. He said:

"The result of the law in Floyd county will be it will pay into the school fund \$2,000 as tax on 2,000 dogs; it will result in the killing of 2,000 dogs that are not worth the taxes, during the year, and about 1,000 dogs will escape taxes and death."

"Does the law provide for killing defaulting dogs?"

"No. It simply carries the same penalty provided for not paying other taxes. The head of families are responsible for all the dogs owned by the family, and are bound to return them. The tax is collected as other taxes, and discharges defaulters."

"Have you been abused for having the law passed?"

"I heard of one man in Cave Spring who was using me about it. But fourteen men turned in and caused him. The law must prove popular. It will thin out the worthless dogs and build up our schools, besides protecting our flocks."

It is probable that the next legislature will by absolute enactment put the dog law in force in a dozen counties, and enact a local option for others, in which a popular cause can be made and let the people do what the legislature is afraid to do.

In view of this it is worth while to note the progress made by the other local option issues; notably, the stock law and prohibition.

Prohibition has made its way steadily and rapidly. Ten years ago it had no hold whatever. The sale of liquor is now prohibited in the whole or part, of 71 counties, leaving less than half the counties in the state in which its sale is unrestricted. The legislature just dissolved has made nine of these counties non-liquor counties by enactment, and provided for elections in thirty odd more. It also passed a bill making it a crime to sell liquor to a confirmed drunkard or a drunken person, after notice not to sell has been served by one of his relatives.

Under local option prohibition has shown unusual strength. It has been beaten notably in only two counties, Washington and Decatur, as we remember. Its friends contend that five more years will see the six larger cities of Georgia, the sole strongholds of liquor, enveloped closely with prohibition suburbs. An election has been ordered for Floyd county, and it will be interesting to see how Rome votes.

As for fences, they have been driven out, not perhaps so rapidly but just as surely. The elections began only a few years ago, and now eighteen counties have abolished fences. Within the past week Oglethorpe and Walton, two very important counties, have been added to the list, and the no-fence sentiment is growing. The fences, having been once abolished, can never be replaced, so the anti-fence agitation never loses a step that it makes.

Mr. Flynt, of Monroe, a strong and useful man, said: "My people voted the no-fence law down by a majority of 6 to 1. I had the legislature put the law on the county anyhow. Now, fully nine men out of ten in the county favor it. It has effected a perfect revolution."

"Has it beat the country much?"

"Not as yet, for the old fences are still standing. They will be allowed to rot away. As the rails or posts are used for fuel, the fences are contracted and smaller pastures enclosed. In a few years they will all be gone, except where stock are fed in the pastures. Then everything will look much better and smoother."

"My county," said Mr. Peck, of Rockdale, "would not take \$10,000 for the stock law. You couldn't get her to vote fences back with that much money. Like Monroe county, it has neither fences nor whisky, and it don't want any more of either. It has the finest cattle and the sublimest the best pastures and the happiest wives of any county in Georgia."

"When men have to keep their stock in enclosures," said Mr. Flynt, "they will improve the quality of their stock. They can't afford to pen worthless cattle. And they will save the droppings of the stock which will go to the making of the compost heap. In every way the new law will work well."

To revert to the dog law, Speaker Garrard said: "A general dog law can be passed when ever the members from the sheep raising counties say they want one. They complain that hogs kill more sheep than dogs do. An old sow, they say, will follow a flock of sheep and eat every lamb that is dropped. The dogs, they say, protect the sheep by ridding the woods of 'varmints.' I suppose under the operation of the local option, the dog law will work its way into the country that need it."

A printer who has been publishing patent medicines for country papers, said to me: "The tendency with Georgia papers is to diminish the use of patent outside's rather than increase it. Several of my customers have abandoned the practice within the last year, and now print their entire papers. I think publishers in Georgia and the surrounding states are more prosperous than formerly, and are getting better patent sales."

An insurance manager discussing some items in this column on the subject, last Sunday, said: "The capital of the insurance companies in this country

is larger than the combined capital of the national banks, and the outstanding insurance is larger than the national debt."

He further said: "One of the most striking and melancholy disclosures insurance men ever had was the rapid dying out of the old confederates for the first ten years after the war. Worn out, broken in spirit and body, impoverished and with no capacity to adjust themselves to the new order of things, they died at a rapid rate. I know of one company that in ten years paid out \$10,000 more than it took in from premiums in one southern state. Indeed, this experience made many of the companies contract their lines of insurance until a few years since, when a new condition of things was established."

Colonel Duffy, of Mobile, will sail on October 1st for the Isle of Jersey, where he will select a ship load of Jersey cattle on commission for southern breeders. He will bring about 12, a third of which will enter Georgia herds. The cattle will be landed in December, and remain in quarantine until Mobile for 90 days. It is thought they will cost \$175 to \$200 each.

It is worthy of note that America has bred Jersey cattle that are better milkers and butter-makers than any the famous Isle itself ever produced. The best Jersey cow ever bred in Jersey is 6½ pounds of butter before the best American Jersey on a week's trial, and four pounds behind a dozen republican cows. We not only beat Jersey in raising cows. We can do it on the Isles!

We are now in the heat of our Indian summer, and from the Broad street bridge any clear afternoon can be seen sunsets before which the Indian skies would pale. If it cost a dollar apiece to see them, and there were reserved seats and opera boxes, the bridge wouldn't hold the crowd, from five to seven o'clock.

Speaker Garrard said, speaking of the late house: "The house was not a showy body, because it had no showy leaders. I think undisputed leadership in a house is a sign of a weak average. I saw many strong men attempt the leadership of the last house, but the house walked away from them. It was emphatically a body of men that thought for themselves and followed no leaders or cliques."

It seems to be pretty well settled in the ninth that Jud Clements will have a walk over with the next nomination for congress. "He has had," said a probable aspirant, "two bitter and costly races, and he is entitled to one easy race which I think the next nomination will give him." After the next race Mr. Clements may look out for trouble in the ranks.

The talk here is in legislative circles that north Georgia will promote three sterling young fellows from the house to the senate next year, viz: Rankin, of Gordon, Maddox, of Chattooga and Lewis, of Milton.

The news comes from all sections of the state that the parades are unusually plentiful this season. The shooting season opens to-morrow and the hunt will be field bright and early.

Of Atlantians who have been abroad, on lake or in forest the past summer, Bishop Beckwith has the finest trophy—a six pound, speckled trout. He captured it in Lake Neetjington, which is just 200 miles south of Hudson bay, with an 8 ounce trout rod—a fact that even a bishop may be proud of. The trout really weighed 6½ pounds, and is 24 inches long. It is now in the bishop's study, preserved in rex magnus.

"SONGS OF FAIR WEATHER," by Maurice Thompson.

BOSTON: James R. Osgood & Co.

He is a man of courage, who in these broad-and-butter times will put forth a volume of poems. Mr. Maurice, pronounced, no doubt, Maurice, Thompson, merits this reputation. He has, in his "Songs of Fair Weather," given us a book of unusually bold poetry, and he gives it with this manly defiance, by way of introduction:

"Nor can some restlesse child of fate,
Darkly dight Corsican,
By red successe destrate
His Louvre from my Vatican."

It is a sad place for decorative art, what Mr. Maurice's poem is. It is a bad place for the imagination, before it is born, to live in. The first verse with which he salutes what must be a started public in the shape of fairies, nymphs, and goblins:

"SONGS OF FAIR WEATHER," by Maurice Thompson.

Mr. W. C. Merrill who killed a caribou on the shore of Lake Moose, Maine. It weighed nearly five hundred pounds, and was shot from the camp door. As the shooting was done in close season Mr. Merrill will wait awhile before he has the horns shipped south.

The most extensive experiment in dairying made near here is being worked out on "Primrose," Mr. Pat Ca'houn's suburban farm. He has a herd of forty cattle maddened up of Ayrshires, grades and scrubs, and is increasing it by judicious purchase to 100 head. He finds not the slightest difficulty in disposing of the product of his farm at lucrative prices.

The hay fever circle in Atlanta is somewhat enlarged this year and the sun has been a very severe one. There are some strange cases reported. Mr. Emery spoke on the morning of the 21st of August wakes up with an irritation in his eyes and nose, and the hay-fever is on him. For eight years, no matter what the seasons are, it has never varied one day in its arrival. Dr. John M. Johnson is attacked on the morning of the 20th of August and the fever leaves him on the 20th of September. A bank note without grace, is not more inexorable in its punctuality. If one of the victims is riding along the road, when suffering from hay-fever, passes within fifty yards of a patch of ragweed, he is seized with an uncontrollable fit of sneezing.

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Speaking of this effect of ragweed at long law, there is a lady who had suffered from touching or poison oak. Some seasons ago she was riding through the woods, and passed within a few yards of a large mass of poison oak. It did not touch her, or even the carriage in which she sat, but she was attacked precisely as before, and suffered even worse than when she had touched it some years before.

Where tall blue herons stretch like necks,

Over clear currents flow cool and thin."

He ode "At Night" declares that "The stars are dull and thin," — of even the charms of woman which it seems would amuse a gentleman whose inspiration is the spirit which "makes the swallows fly." And "At Daybreak" he writes:

"It is a bad place for decorative art, what Mr. Maurice's poem is. It is a bad place for the imagination, before it is born, to live in. The first verse with which he salutes what must be a started public in the shape of fairies, nymphs, and goblins:

"SONGS OF FAIR WEATHER," by Maurice Thompson.

Mr. Joel C. Hailey's "Mingo," "At Tresque Poets," and a yet unprinted story "Blue Water."

That thinness is two uniformly present Mr. Maurice Thompson himself must admit, and when he is something experienced he will also admit that he is not the best poet in the land.

Mr. Thompson no doubt alludes to the "sand pines" or pine trees, who have at times an unbalanced appearance with their trunks bent. This kind of tree, and the rank kanki project is presumably in Florida, but the Webb's which he calls "My own gild river" exhibits similar raptures.

"On some decaying log
Spearling snail and water frog."

Over clear currents flow cool and thin."

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"SONGS OF FAIR WEATHER," by Maurice Thompson.

Mr. C. M. Clarke, State Agent of the Southern Mutual Life Insurance Company, says:

"My home, for several years past, has been in Albany, Ga., and much of my time has been spent on my plantation in that section, and had gradually absorbed malaria in my system until my general health was completely broken down. This malarial poison culminated last November in a congestive chill, and I was confined to bed more than two months, and it was two months more before I was able to be out of the house. I

ABOUT BOOKS.

WHAT A CLOSE HEADER HAS TO SAY OF NEW VOLUMES.

AN EFFORT TO TEACH WESTERN BARBERSHOPS SOMETHING ABOUT INDIAN PROFESSOR MULLER'S IDEAS—"SONGS OF FEI WATHEW," BY MURIEL THOMPSON—OUR LILY LITER—ETC.

INDIA: WHAT CAN IT TEACH US? BY MAX MULLER. Atlanta: The Atlanta Book Store.

This most instructive and interesting volume is suited to the lover of books new and most pleasurable prospect. It comprises a series of lectures on the peoples and literature of British India delivered at the request of the board of historical studies of Cambridge and specially intended for candidates for the Indian civil service. Professor Friedrich Maximilian Muller is the greatest living authority on oriental studies. His translations of Veda, the Bible of the Brahmins, and other classics of the wonderful literature of India, older, more philosophical and subtle than that of Greece or Rome, are highly esteemed that they have been printed at the expense of the East India company, and have even extorted from the Brahmins themselves strong expressions of gratitude. These aristocratic priests write Professor Muller: "The committee of the Adi Bramah Samaj beg to offer you their hearty congratulations on the completion of the gigantic task which has occupied you for the last quarter of a century. By publishing the Rig Veda at a time when Vedic learning has so far become almost extinct in the land of its birth you have conferred a boon upon us Hindus for which we cannot be eternally grateful."

Professor Muller's introductory lecture published in the compact volume before us seems intended to eradicate from the young Britons who are to go to India the prevalent idea that the Hindus are liars and unworthy people. The lectures on Sanskrit literature, the Veda, and indeed the whole work deserves the attention of thinking men and women. Professor Muller has never been in India but so intelligent and indefatigable have been his studies that it may be said of him as Macaulay wrote of Burke: "Mr. Burke's knowledge of India was such as few even of those Europeans who have passed many years in that country have attained, and such as certainly was never attained by any public man who had never quitted Europe. He had studied the history, the laws, and the usages, of the east with an industry such as is seldom found united to so much genius and so much learning. In every part of these huge bays of Indian information, which repelled almost all other readers his mind at once philosophical and poetical found something to interest or delight. His reason analyzed and digested those vast and shapeless masses; his imagination animated and colored them. He had in the highest degree that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past and the future, in the distant and unreal. India and its inhabitants were not to him as to most Englishmen mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people."

Durrell says that Great Britain has become more of an Indian than an English empire. The queen of our mother country is the empress of India, and unless indication is a sure fault, under the rule of her intrepid countrymen it bids fair to rival its ancient splendor. In the light of these facts the lectures of Professor Muller are unusually interesting.

BLOOD POISON.

Illustration which we give of the tree, we

think, will enable the reader to understand the operations of blood poison. The trunk, or parent stem, is shown in the cut, the fountain head of blood diseases. The poison may come from several causes. It may (and often does) result from malignant influences—low, marshy and flat places, stagnant water and (as is the case in cities) sewer gas poison—that is, inhaling the vapor which arises from sewers. This poison shows itself sometimes in the shape of fever, or chills and fever, or in rheumatism of various types. These attacks continue until the health is undermined and broken down, or the person dies or lingers along in suffering a prey to scrofula, consumption or some of the other diseases resulting from this poison, liable at any time to be carried off by acute attacks of disease, which might have been successfully resisted if his blood had been pure. But BLOOD-TAIN is the king of all this poison. This taint first appeared in the year 1494 in Rome, and alarmed the people very

much because of its peculiar nature and fatality.

It spread during the invasion of Charles VIII. of France, and in 1495, only one year, had extended all over France, Italy, Dalmatia, Greece, Germany, and bordering provinces. It continued to grow and spread, says a historian, "until every twentieth person, including men, women and children throughout the entire continent of Europe, in two hundred years became inoculated with the dreadful scourge." Later it crossed the Atlantic ocean, and history tells of its destruction on the banks of Lake Huron in 1570, and in 1575 no less than 5,000 persons were affected with it in sparsely populated Canada.

THE DISEASE TRACED.

History tells us that the disease had not attracted

public attention before the year 1491, but does not

say that it had not existed in Italy before this date.

Close inquiry, or investigation of the writings of

<p

JAY-EYE-SEE THE VICTOR

THE THREE DASHES AROUND FLEETWOOD.

Jay-Eye-See and St. Julian Matched on the Course. The Race Around the Course Amid Excitement—Jay-Eye-See Comes in on the Homestretch With Flying Colors.

FLEETWOOD PARK, N. Y., September 29.—The great race for \$1,000 between the celebrated trotters Jay-Eye-See and St. Julian, has caused the largest concourse of people to assemble on this track that has been seen on any race track in America for twenty years. At this writing, 2:45 p.m., there is scarcely an available spot left to witness the race from the grand stand, quarter stretch or club house grounds, while in the field is lined with spectators from the third quarter to the quarter post. There are at least 5,000 equipages of every description within the enclosure, and the lines extend from the gate as far as 125th street, a distance of two miles. It is evident that thousands of people will not be able to get within the enclosure. There are many notabilities present; among them is William H. Vanderbilt and Frank Work. Mr. Vanderbilt drove into his private shed behind Early Rose and Aldine, while Mr. Work drove Dick Swiveller and Edward.

THE PRELIMINARY FEELING.

Setting is very heavy. St. Julian has still the call at one hundred to eighty. The track is very heavy in spots. Wagers claim that Jay-Eye-See cannot trot in the mud. Jay-Eye-See has just appeared on the track. He is a black gelding, foaled in 1878 by Dictator, dam, Midnight, by Pilot, Jr. He appears in excellent trim. When he finished his exercise he was greeted with thunders of applause. Mr. Pitters will handle the ribbons during the contest, Orrin Hick & will drive St. Julian. The latter is also a gelding. He is a dark bay and was foaled in 1878 by Dictator, dam, Midnight, by Pilot, Jr. He is in good condition. The Sun will be in good form so it will sit atop his stables. His competitor's best record is 2:11½, which he made at Providence a few days ago.

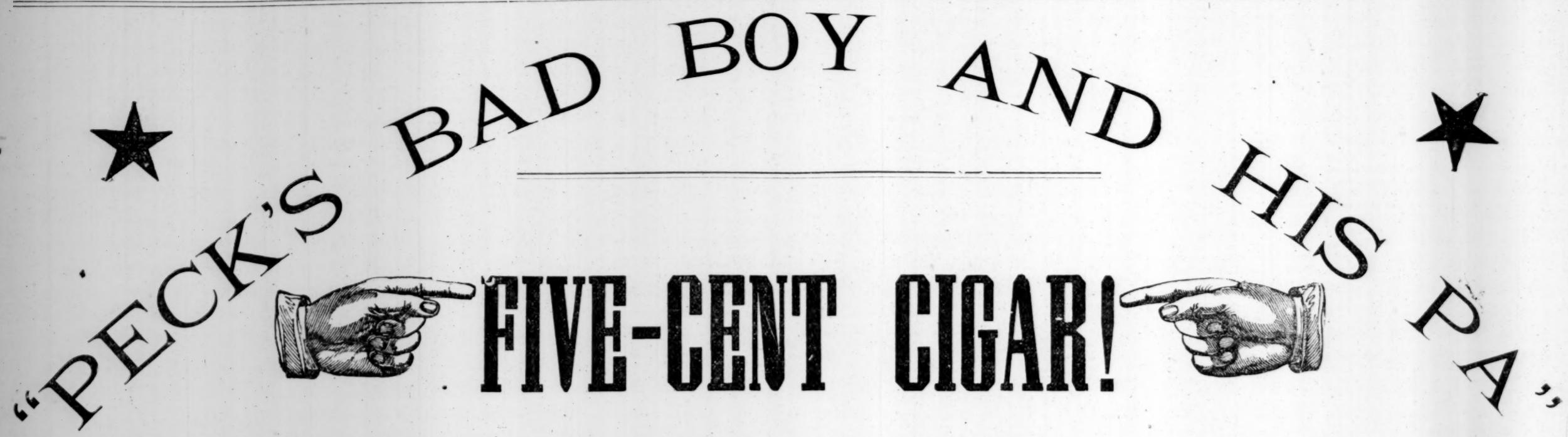
THE RIVALS ON THE FIELD.

Both horses are now in sheds on the track, guarded by a large force of policemen. They are having a rather arduous job of keeping the great crowd back that is surging and scrambling about. The stand is being scraped and resurfaced. The track is being scraped by the time the race begins, it will be in very fair condition. The Herald is very warm and clearly printed, containing 2500 words, but there has not been sold. The crowd awaiting admittance extends as far as the eye can reach. This will give some idea of the extent of the concourse present. Betting has entirely dropped and from the present indications it appears that St. Julian will start the favorite at 100 to 60.

Getting Ready for the Race.

3:20 p.m.—The horses are now being run up to the post. The judges are John B. Alday, the former driver of Louis Alexander, and St. Julian and David Barnett. When the drivers entered the office of the clerk of the scales to weigh in, they were given a receipt for the weight. St. Julian's record is 2:11½ at Hartford, August 27, 1880. This season he has trotted several races, but has not, it is said, been entered in any for a second come. He is in good form so it will sit atop his stables. His competitor's best record is 2:11½, which he made at Providence a few days ago.

THE ACME OF ALL 5-CT. CIGARS!



Has Arrived at Last and Taken the Town!

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC AT LARGE.

In placing this Cigar before the public, we feel confident that we are offering the best five-cent Cigar ever placed before the people of the United States. It is made of the finest imported tobacco, and by the most skillful workmen. The "**PECK'S BAD BOY AND HIS PA**" CIGAR will be sold under a strict guarantee of excellence, and will give complete satisfaction or money will be refunded. Parties ordering by mail can feel assured that in every case where they fail to prove as represented we will pay express charges both ways and relieve them of the Cigars. It would not pay us to advertise inferior goods as we could not expect more than one order from a person, hence you can readily perceive that we have confidence in the Cigar. The brand is a new one, and is placed upon the market on its merits, and a fair showing is all that is asked to prove its worth.

Send in a sample order and be convinced that "**PECK'S BAD BOY AND HIS PA**" CIGAR is something extra good.

M. HARRALSON BROS. & CO., and A. F. FLEMING,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

For Sale at Retail by

John R. Anderson.....	Cartersville, Georgia	Dr. W. J. Whitman.....	Ringgold, Georgia
J. A. Stover.....	" "	J. W. F. Bryson & Co.....	Chattanooga, Tennessee
M. F. Word.....	" "	J. A. Lee.....	Newnan, Georgia
Hopson & Willis.....	Opelika, Alabama	R. M. Shelman.....	Marietta, Georgia
James Maury & Son.....	Milner, Georgia	L. S. Cox.....	" "
Joiner & Nicholson.....	Americus, Georgia	Turnell & Atkinson.....	Madison, Georgia
Dr. J. M. Hatchett.....	Fort Gaines, Georgia	Dr. T. P. Gibbs.....	" "
E. A. Graham.....	" "	Garrett & Zellars.....	Grantville, Georgia
G. F. Willis.....	Columbia, Alabama	Askew, Bradley & Co.....	Carrollton, Georgia
E. H. & W. F. Dorsey.....	Athens, Georgia	J. W. Dune.....	Dorerville, Georgia
S. A. Torbert.....	Greensboro, Georgia	George W. Calvin.....	Athens, Georgia
J. B. Gudger.....	Dalton, Georgia	Cummings.....	Decatur, Georgia
Almand & George.....	Lithonia, Georgia	Wike & Co.....	Cartersville, Georgia

WHOLESALE AGENTS

M. HARRALSON BROS. & CO.,
No. 15 North Pryor Street,
AND
A. F. FLEMING,
No. 15 Broad Street,
ATLANTA, - GEORGIA.

A CARD TO SMOKERS.

To those who wish a good Cigar, the "Peck's Bad Boy and his Pa" is confidently recommended. Ask your dealer for one, and a trial will demonstrate the fact that this is the best five-cent Cigar on the market.

For Sale at Retail by

C. A. Moran.....	Druggist, Peachtree st	J. M. Hagerman.....	226 Wheat st
James Johnson.....	253 East Fair st	D. Q. Bramlett.....	Whitehall st
Sheldon & Co.....	92 McDonough st	Dr. J. Bradfield.....	corner Decatur and Pryor sts
W. E. Lively.....	Frazier st	John B. Daniel.....	38 Wall st
M. B. Byrum.....	McDonough st	National Hotel Cigar Stand	
I. B. McCrary.....	116 Whitehall st	J. B. Brown.....	500 Decatur st
F. J. Malone.....	61 East Alabama st	M. E. Edwards & Co.....	" "
John M. Miller.....	31 Marietta st	R. M. Thompson & Co.....	" "
Fred Cummings.....	corner Broad and Hunter st	Mrs. McWilson.....	311 East Hunter st
Hoyt & Rice.....	corner Hunter and Washington sts	S. Faris.....	294 East Jones st
W. E. Venable.....	corner Marietta and Peachtree sts	J. L. Robinson.....	114 Frazier st
McGaughey & Co.....	West End	Dr. W. A. Graham.....	Peters st
R. G. Thompson.....	Thompson's Restaurant	C. A. Cameron.....	104 Whitehall st
A. C. Johnson.....	108 Peachtree st	Trott & Co.....	126 "
McKinley & Trent.....	" "	L. C. Saul.....	Saul's Royal Palais
Sheppard & Co.....	" "	Westmoreland & Griffin.....	55 Broad st
		Mrs. E. J. McManaman.....	Chappell st

"PECK'S BAD BOY AND HIS PA"

FIVE-CENT CIGAR!

Has Arrived at Last & Taken the Town!

NEW YORK \$3.64.

The Jewish New Year Which Begins Tomorrow
An Interesting Occasion.

To-morrow evening at sundown, the Israelites inaugurate their new year, one of the most sacred holidays in their calendar. This, and the day of atonement, coming ten days later, are probably the only holidays in the entire year, which are strictly observed by not only the conservative portion of Israel, but also by those who are otherwise rather lax in the discharge of their religious duties. The new year is observed by strictly orthodox Jews two days, and the only Sabbath of this city belonging to what is generally understood by the term Reformed Israelites, celebrates only one day.

This observation has, on a former occasion,引起 a full and interesting explanation of the various names given to this holiday, as also the forms and ceremonies observed in connection with its celebration both in the domestic circle and in the temple.

The divine services in the temple, corner Garnet and Forsyth streets, which will begin to morrow (Monday) evening at 6 o'clock and Tuesday morning at 9 a.m., will be directed by the pastor, Rev. Jacob S. Jacobson. Mr. Samuel Bradly will preside at the organ. The choir is composed of the best musical talent the city affords.

Central Presbyterian church, corner Peachtree and Peachtree streets, which will begin to morrow (Monday) evening at 6 o'clock and Tuesday morning at 9 a.m., will be directed by the pastor, Rev. Jacob S. Jacobson. Mr. Samuel Bradly will preside at the organ. The choir is composed of the best musical talent the city affords.

Fourth Presbyterian church, Chamberlain street, Washington street, at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by Rev. N. Bachman.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a.m. D. A. Peake, superintendent.

The regular weekly prayer meeting on Wednesday night at 8 o'clock p.m. All are cordially invited to attend.

Services at the Central Presbyterian Church, on Washington street, at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by Rev. N. Bachman.

Sunday-school at 9:30 a.m. D. A. Peake, superintendent.

The regular weekly prayer meeting on Wednesday night at 8 o'clock p.m. All are cordially invited to attend.

First Baptist church—corner Walton and Forsyth streets, W. H. Morris, pastor. Morning sermon to the children and youth.

Second Baptist church—corner Washington and Mitchell streets. Rev. Henry McDonald, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. by Rev. W. H. McDonald.

Third Baptist Tabernacle, 77 West Simpson street, Rev. B. C. Hornady, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m. W. H. Morris, pastor.

Fifth Baptist church—corner Peachtree and Peachtree streets, Rev. F. M. Daniel pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. C. N. Norcross, Sabbath school at 9:30 a.m. All cordially invited.

Sixth Baptist church, W. Hunter street, J. H. Weaver, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday-school at 9:30 a.m. Mr. John McCall, superintendent.

Central Baptist church, corner Peters and Fair streets, Rev. F. M. Daniel pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. by R. V. L. Tichenor, D. D., a meeting of importance is proposed in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. Services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by Rev. F. M. Daniel.

Friendship Baptist church, corner Peachtree and Peachtree streets, Rev. E. P. Purdie, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by Rev. J. H. Parker.

Bethany mission at Exposition cotton mills—Sunday school at 9:30 a.m. Preaching at 11 a.m. by Wm. Shaw.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Church Christ, Hunter street, between Pryor and Loyd—A. C. Thompson, pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. by Elder T. P. Purdie.

LUTHERAN.

German Evangelical Lutheran church, junction of Whitehall and Forsyth streets. Preaching in German at 10:30 a.m., in English at 8 p.m. Sunday school at 2:30 p.m.

Baptist Foreign Mission, on Savannah street near Fulton County spinning company—Sunday-school at 4:30 p.m. Mr. F. Robie, superintendent.

MADDOX, RUCKER & CO., Bankers, 36 W. Alabama st.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE

BONDS, STOCKS AND MONEY.

CONSTITUTION OFFICE, ATLANTA, September 26, 1883.

By Telegraph.

Brenting—Exchanged \$400,000, January 2, 1882, Subsidiary balances \$10,000, October 17, 1882, \$400,000, overpaid, generally strong; 4 1/4% 12 1/2% 8 1/2% bid.

A. A. Glass & Co. to 6 1/2% 8 1/2% Manhattan Elec. 41

Class B 6% 8 1/2% Metropolitan Elec. 42

do. Class C 4% 11 1/2% Michigan Central. 32%

Georgia & Western. 100% Mobile & Ohio. 12%

Georgia's M'Graw & Co. 100% New Haven Central. 30%

Illinois Central. 17 1/2% N. O. Pac. 1st mort. 83%

North Carolina old. 30% N. Y. Central. 10 1/2%

No. funding. 100% Northern Pac. 30%

N. Y. & New Eng. 30% Northern W. Pa. 39%

Ohio & Mich. 50% Northern Pac. com. 30%

Penn. & W. Va. 30% do. preferred. 64

Virginia & W. N. 6% Ohio & Mich. 50%

Virginia consol. 8% Pacific Mail. 38%

Virginia's M'Graw & Co. 11 " Itala's F. W. C. 1 1/2%

Virginia's M'Graw & Co. 11 " Quicksilver. 6

American Mer. 10% do. preferred. 12

America's & Ohio. 10% Reading. 13%

Chicago & St. Louis. 10% Richl. & Alleghany. 5

Chicago & St. N. W. 10% Richl. & Pot. 20%

do. preferred. 12 1/2% Rock Island. 1 1/2%

G. S. L. & N. 10% S. L. & San Fran. 28%

do. & Southern Coal. 20% S. L. & San Fran. 28%

do. & Southern Coal. 20% do. first mort. 47 1/2

Do. & Luck & West. 2% St. Paul. 10 1/2%

Den. & Rio Grande. 31% St. Paul. 10 1/2%

do. preferred. 17 1/2% St. Paul. 10 1/2%

do. preferred. 17 1/2

ARP IN LOUISVILLE.

THE CHEROKEE PHILOSOPHER SEEING THE SIGHTS.

The Comptor of Modern Travelling—The Cocking Ladies in the Adjoining Birth—What He Laid Eyes on in Louisville—Plows and Fine Timbers—The Rausing—Other Items.

Special to the Constitution.

Louisville, September 23.—The cars were rolling on—smoothly and swiftly they carried us over the polished rails, but still I couldn't sleep. I remem ber well when we used to have to sit up in our seats and nod and bump around all night as we journeyed to New York to buy goods, and thought how much better that was than the old fashioned stage coach in which we used to travel. Nine inside and some on the top, and night after night and day after day we endured it patiently and told stories and swapped tales and exchanged our wit, and some how or other we got along and were happy. Next came the railroads, and we thought it was elegant and a luxury to ride on 'em, for they glided along so smoothly over the snake-head rails—that is so smoothly compared with the bumping and jerking and twisting of the old stage coaches, and we never aspired to the luxury of a sleeping car. Then came the little narrow berths, and soon after the Pullman sleepers, in which a man, after reading the news of the world in THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, can draw the drapery of his couch about him and lie down to pleasant dreams.

I was riding in one of these last night, going to the exposition. The night was cool and the road was smooth, and even the noise of the locomotive could not feel the pulse of its power as it whirled as along, but still I could not sleep. There were some ladies and gentlemen on board, and a number of children running away to get married, and how many loves had rejected, said one said she could have married a man without running away, but she wanted to and the other said he had jilted enough young men to make a corony road a mile long if they had all been buried by side, but she had never seen the right sort of a man, and that's what got her to run away to herself. But it wasn't the sort of that that kept me awake, for I take but little interest in these things now. I have been married enough to do my duty in that line as well as I could, and am perfectly content to stand by my hand. As Dr Featon used to say—I quote from THE CONSTITUTION—"we are all here to help each other." Children and grandchidren have been clustered around me, and I see in the distant future a posterity as numerous as the sands of the seashore or the leaves of the trees of the forest. I am a man of the world of their illustrious sire and his more illustrious helpers in this subliminary world. So, we're n't thinking about those girls. Their oranges dropped from their trees on the floor and rolled about, and I picked them up and tossed them back to the girls with one civility, and they thanked me with a smothered giggle but I wasn't particular about it. The girls stopped laughing and became confident. As the cars swung around to give it a change in my center of gravity, and as it swayed again I gently rocked on my other side like an infant in a cradle, but still I lay on thinking and thinking, and looking at the trees and the wheels, and my thoughts wandered off into the universe of motion. Here I was spending along at 10 miles an hour, and here the world was turning around at 1,000 miles an hour, and here I was moving towards the sun at 10,000 miles an hour, and I could help pondering on all this complexity of motion, the ride of the universe. It was a big thing to do, but it was a great pleasure. I was in a speed, but the car was fast to the iron rails and moved with a struggle amid the noise and rumbling of its friction, but the world rolled on and on and the world was seen in a series of invisible paces and it kept me awake thinking and running, how it was done—how it was begun and for who would feel it? It seemed to me that the mighty hand of God when he thought of it.

But I did drop to sleep awhile—it is after these girls stopped their giggle that I woke up at Louisville, or near by, and prepared myself to take in the notable city. It was my first visit to this southern metropolis, this beautiful city of cotton, and I digested the information and the grand old stock have congregated and are living in leisure and refinement. I like this old Kentucky stock. It is a grand old state and has a record of its own. For a long time the country around Louisville is a garden and gives signs of happiness and comfort among her people. I recalled the time when Daniel Boone found it a waste land, and I am glad to find that the grand old trees were gone. The native forest always reminded me of the vigorous hair on a strong man's head. It is nature's covering, and when it is gone, the head is bald and the body is head headed. But mankind must live and the forest must go; and now houses and fences must be built mainly of iron and stone, for we live in iron age, and the iron is dug out of the ground, and timber is cut down. The few remaining trees will sing its requiem. There are sixty saw mills in one county near to me, and they have cut down every tree away in the last ten years. The process is sure and simple. In ten years more the Georgia pine will be as scarce as it is now in Kentucky, and the face of nature will be desolate. All around the country there is no timber left, and the shaved land looks back and barren. What the saw mills did not cut for lumber the iron works took for charcoal, and so it goes all over our beautiful land.

It is a good time. Averaging two weeks to work, days that cover fifteen acres of ground, and supply whole states with their products, and I wonder where that timber was to come from twenty years ago. The timber was cut down, and the destruction it seems alarming, but there's nothing ought to be alarming, for Providence always provides. Providence makes no mistakes, and therefore we are safe. The world is in evidence, it is kind. Two years ago barbed wire was twelve cents a pound and now it is six. Our timber for rails has nearly gone in Georgia, but iron wire is now as cheap as ever, and has a good market. So it's all right, I reckon, and we need not fear for ourselves.

Bill A.R.

GEORGIA GOSPI.

The News of the State Strictly Cited From the State Press.

There is a calf in Hall county with two heads. Coweta county will vote on prohibition October 29th.

Possum hunting has broken out with fresh violence. Hall county is sending horses to south Georgia for sale.

Burglary has been troubling the citizens of Millerville.

Mr. R. P. Mobley, of Harris county, has a fish pond of one acre.

The stock law for Fayette county goes into effect February 1st, 1884.

The ordinary of Henry has ordered an election to decide the question (whether Clayton county, the election will take place on Wednesday, October 31st).

Cedarwood Advertiser. Eugene Judkins, a son fifteen years of Mr. G. T. West of Baker, had his left arm caught in the gin and so badly mangled that it was amputated by Dr. Strother. Dr. S. had just performed the operation when Dr. Strother, who was a surgeon in the court camp in Dougherty. On the 19th instant, the colored girl of Mr. G. Merri Bacon, Baconton, had a hand to hand encounter with his gin glass.

Oxonian Tribune: Jacksonville, whose old houses are falling to pieces, and the ruins will give place to new and easier buildings. We are glad to note 1. Her delicate situation, healthy air and rich surroundings will make her a prosperous and charming city.

An educational point, she has no superior in the south.

Wrightsville Recorder: Dr. A. L. Hains sent to this office last Tuesday evening, his average stalks of corn, which were as tall as we've ever seen, and with a stalk, place, the highest stalks were taken into consideration. The stalks were the largest we ever saw. The doctor is satisfied that he will get stalks from the six acres and was received at two dollars per acre, but the growth of caterpillars cut it considerably. The seed was a good variety.

Atlanta News: While the sexton of the Baptist church was ringing the bell, praying for the dead, a child entered the door, and, not suspecting that they were up to any mischief, paid no special attention to them. When he lighted the lamps, however, he found a silver dollar pitchfork in the church had been carried away. It is supposed that the children stole it.

Judge Robert T. Daniel, of Griffin, explains that the word "now" is often changed into "then" under the operation of the laws of Griffin, which he has neither the power to make in the first place, nor to set aside after they are made. In consequence of saying "now" he may make the foregoing the fact in the case.

The law has been administered as it stands upon the books: it is there as a stern fact and as a sentinel. I neither mean to say nor do I care to say, "I can do what I please with it," because to do so means some feelings are as kind and as generous to woman and suffering humanity as can possibly be, but in my official capacity, as well as sentiment, I assert my own discretion in cases, I only know that I will administer the law as I know it.

A CAPTAIN'S COMPLAINT.

Having been troubled for a number of years with a weakness of the kidneys and bladder I used a number of medicines for the complaint, but they did not seem to do me any good. I was reading a notice of Hunt's Remedy, of its wonderful success, and I purchased a bottle at Steven's drug store used it according to directions, and I found a great benefit from it. I have only used two bottles, and I truly say that it is all that is recommended for a kidney, liver and bladder affection, and I can recommend it to the public as such.

CAPTAIN GEORGE BLACKMAN,

With the Union Steamboat Co., 37 Main St., Buffalo, New York.

JUNE 19, 1883.

HOTEL ITEMS.

Sometime ago, while at the Reed house, Erie, Pa., I was taken sick with the spotted fever, and was very low; my back and spine seemed to be affected with terrible pains in kidneys and back. For fourteen days I laid, and could hardly stir and suffered the most intense agony imaginable. My feet and limbs were bloated; my water was very unusual, a red coag and bid stuck deposit and I was fast losing strength and vitality. The doctors treated me, but with no benefit, and I used many different medicines that had been recommended. None of them did me any good until I used Hunt's Remedy, as my attention was called to the case of Hon. Joshua Tuthill, of East Saginaw, Mich., a similar case to mine, he being cured of a severe case of Bright's disease. I purchased a bottle, and used it according to directions. I began to gain in strength; my water became more natural; the terrible pains in the back and loins were removed, the swelling of my limbs went down. I continued the use of the medicine, and I had used in all five (5) bottles, and it has built me up and completely cured me, and I am as sound and healthy as any man of forty-eight years of age, and have married a good wife, and two sons, and many loves they had rejected, said one said she could have married a man without running away, but she wanted to and the other said he had jilted enough young men to make a corony road a mile long if they had all been buried by side, but she had never seen the right sort of a man, and that's what got her to run away to herself. But it wasn't the sort of that that kept me awake, for I take but little interest in these things now. I have been married enough to do my duty in that line as well as I could, and am perfectly content to stand by my hand. As Dr Featon used to say—I quote from THE CONSTITUTION—"we are all here to help each other."

CHARLES L. WEBB,
Tilt House, Buffalo, N. Y.
JUNE 19, 1883.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

FROM MY LOT ON THE NIGHT OF THE 24TH FEBRUARY, 1883, I have lost my dog, a black and tan terrier. Finder will be liberally rewarded by returning to 98 McDonough street Atlanta. E. T. ALLEN.

PRINTING.

GOOD PRINTING—ATLANTA IS NOT SURPASSED by any city in the excellency of its miscellaneous printing. We have a great many printing offices, and among them stands the office of B. F. Bennett, steam cook and boy print shop at 5 Broad. His establishment is thoroughly fitted up in every particular. He is a prompt, faithful and most deserving gentleman, and worth the money you will receive for your acceptance of Hunt's Remedy.

Q. W. K. WILSON.—YESTERDAY THE JOURNAL OF THE 24TH, 2,000 circulators to be sent out on the E. & W. & Ga. train at 3:30, and though it was nearly 12 o'clock when we carried the copy to Bennett, the reliable printer, yet the regulars were delivered to us in time for the trials. Truly a remarkable job. Bennett is able to do it. Bennett is the man. With splendid equipment, first-class workmen and systematic business arrangements, he is at any time ready for emergency notes.—Journal, Sept. 22.

REMOVAL.

REMOVED—WOOLFE THE BOSS GROCER, HAS REMOVED from St. S. 5 Whitehall street, where he has opened the largest and finest stock of groceries, consisting of tea, coffee, sugars, flour, dried fruits, and canned goods in a wide variety. The stock is well packed and carefully stored.

RENT—NEW TWO-STORY NINE ROOM HOUSE, corner Franklin and Peachtree streets, \$12 per month. Apply to R. H. Knapp, S.E. Alabama street.

WILL RENT MY RESIDENCE 33 RICHARDSON street, for 6, 12 or 18 months. Handsome front yard, large garden and stables, and probably a fine cow. Price reasonable. Humphrey's Castleman.

FOR RENT—SIX ROOM DWELLING AND TWO ROOM kitchen will be for rent on November 1st; \$4 McDonough, \$5 App'y at 146.

RENT—I DWELLING WITH EIGHT ROOMS, corner Spring and Harris streets. A spacious room, a large front yard, a garden, and a stable. Rent \$12 per month. Apply to Joel Girt, 155 Broad street.

RENT—I DWELLING, ETC., DESIRABLE S. E. corner of 10th and 12th streets, corner Broad street, between Clark and Peachtree streets. A fine house furnished, serviceable and new, fine lawn and shrubs. Carson McDonough, S.E. Alm in good order. Part of rent will be taken in board if desired. Enquire on the premises or at 155 Broad street.

RENT—I DWELLING, ETC., DESIRABLE S. E. corner of 10th and 12th streets, corner Broad street, between Clark and Peachtree streets. A fine house nicely furnished, unfurnished or unfurnished. Call early. G. W. Adair, Wall street, Centennial Building.

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THROUGH THE CITY.

A GLIMPSE OF CURRENT EVENTS IN ATLANTA.

The Day's Doings in Public Offices—The Record of the Courts, the Railroads and the Hotels—Real Estate Operations—Gossip of All Kinds—Items of General Interest, Etc.

Two additional occupants were given the jail yesterday.

The city hall park was crowded with children and nurses yesterday evening.

A hat and a valise are at the post office where they have been left by careless visitors.

The members of the Governor's Horse Guard are preparing for their fall tournament, which occurs next month.

OFFICER POOL, who is down with the typhoid fever, was much better yesterday. Officer Norman's condition was also more favorable.

A postoffice has been established at "Conservation" in DeKalb county and Zachariah T. Brown has been appointed postmaster.

The old Frenchman, who is in the city prison, and who is supposed to be a lunatic, passes his time in writing wills and drinking water.

NIGHT before last a thief entered Mr. Frank Davis's room on A abama street, during Mr. Davis's absence, and stole several shirts, some socks and a revolver from his trunk.

THE West End and Atlanta street car company's construction force yesterday made the curve at the corner of Broad and Mitchell streets. The track will be completed on Broad street this week.

The thieves were at large again yesterday. A set of buggy harness was stolen from Mr. Henry Campbell's buggy house on Pryor street, and a new black cloth coat was stolen from Mr. Samuel Logan's residence on Forsyth street.

Mrs. MORGAN, a colored girl, whose home is on Walker street, yesterday fell into an old well in the yard around her home, and soon heard dying from the effects of foul air which filled the well. Only a hasty rescue saved her life.

Last night Officers Clapp and Campbell were compelled to assist two negro girls whose drunks had broken up Marlett street. En route to the station house Ella Pine, one of the girls at attempted to cut Officer Chambers with a knife, but was foiled by Officer Campbell, who grabbed the knife just as it passed through the officer's coat. The knife gashed in the officer's coat gave evidence of an intent on the girl's part to make a serious wound.

UP FROM THE ASHES.

The Extension of John B. Daniel, the Atlanta Drug giant—Into New and Elegant Quarters.

It has been a matter of no little surprise to people outside of the city to know just how Atlanta merchants are getting up more spiritualized business. But it is nothing here in the atmosphere, and people become imbued with the idea that Atlanta is the greatest city in the south and it becomes a part of their existence to leave no stone unturned that will enhance the prosperity of Atlanta.

When the Kimball house was laid in ashes on the 12th of August, Mr. Daniel, who had lost his stock saying literally nothing. Since then he has busied himself selecting a new place of business, buying even a larger and handsomer building, and moving into No. 28 Wall street, with a complete and fresh stock. A Constitution representative called on Mr. Daniel yesterday and asked:

"Do you like your new quarters?"

"I have three stories and the basement. The two upper floors are seventy-five by one hundred feet, the ground floor and basement being thirty-five by one hundred feet, and there is an additional twenty feet of floor space, or about one half acre. I have now as complete an establishment as any in the state or south, and have increased my compass more than double our old quarters."

"Do you have a man?"

"Yes, I keep men on the road all the time, and my trade extends all over Georgia, Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Alabama. We have a very pretty trade and it is constantly enlarging."

"What are some of your specialties?"

"I have a number of specialties, among them Sulphuric acid, carbolic acid, and other antiseptics and blood purifier, on which I am having a big run. This is one of the best remedies for the blood known."

"Then I have a speciality in every respect, a croton oil soap, and with a special notation. There are only a few of my specialties. Besides, I keep as fine a line of drugs, surgical instruments, medical articles, brushes, cosmetics, perfumery, etc., as can be found anywhere. My drug department is too well known to Atlanta physicians to mention. But I make that my special care, and in his practice. Visit him once and you will go again."

Our dress goods stock is now complete, and if you wish to see some really pretty goods call some and we can show them to you. We have in French, German and domestic from the lowest up."

M. RICH & BRO.

Fresh Pork Sausage at Clemmons & Kenny's, 103 Whitehall.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

GORENAGAN'S LIME, LIME,
LIMESTONE, PLASTER PARIS
LIMESTONE, PLASTERING HAIR
CYPRESS SHINGLES, FIRE BRICK,
FINE SHINGLES, FIRE CLAY,
LATHS, LATHES, CHIMNEY LOWS,
WHITE SHIPS, CHIMNEY LOWS,
AGENTS FOR CHATTANOOGA.
SEWER PIPE, SEWER PIPE,
SEWER PIPE, COAL, COAL, COAL
COAL CREEK COAL, POPULAR CREEK COAL,
JELlico COAL, RED ASH COAL,
SCIPPLE & SONS, SCIPPLE & SONS,
SCIPPLE & SONS.

Lynett's Art School, China Decorating works

Just opened a fine department of French china for decoration. Bedell's Ivory, white ware artist's material, etc., 67½ Whitehall street. Atlanta.

Coal Creek Coal, W. S. Wilson & Co.

Framing, flooring, ceiling shingles and laths cheap. W. D. Bell, 147 Decatur street.

Notice.

The opening of the new school in the Temple of the Hebrew Benevolent congregation for the ensuing holidays takes place at the office of Wellhouse & Fishel, above D. H. Dugger's store. All desirous to attend services are requested to provide themselves with the proper attire.

By order of the president, M. TETTERBAUM, Secretary.

Parties interested in the improvement of water-power, should examine the merits of DELOACHE'S NEW TURBINE. It gives entire satisfaction throughout the south, being sold at low figures and under any conditions. As an article of manufacture, we commend A. A. Duley to our readers.

Fine Tennessee Beef.

Stewart & Echols have bought out Hubbard & Type, and are prepared to furnish meats of first quality, kept in refrigerators, to all who may call on them.

Our plumes, velvets and silks imported direct from Paris and purchased by our Madam Gillet, are the prettiest goods ever brought to this country.

We send a cordial to you to call and see them. You will be delighted with them. M. Rich & Bro.

STYLISH FINE MEATS.

At Clemmons & Kenny's, 103 Whitehall.

The leading furniture house in Georgia, I especially announce to my friends and the public that I am now occupying the thriving house of Andrew J. Miller, 44 Peachtree street, where I have the best furniture and carpets in the city. I will sell furniture and carpets in the city. I will be pleased to have my friends and the public give me a call. Our styles are the latest, our stock the largest, and our prices the lowest. W. H. Thomas, Sun. Tues. Thurs.

Cat and boy our ladies and childrens knit underwear. We have a splendid selection and sell them very cheap. M. RICH & BRO.

Ladies! You can save time and money by getting your kid gloves at Ryan's. We have them from two to twenty button lengths in Bernhardis. Fosters new hook and button, all warranted; if you burst them we will give you another pair. M. RICH & BRO.

STYLISH FINE MEATS.

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C. W. MOTS & CO.

The Model Harness Makers of Georgia—A House That Stands at the Head.

There's 'ew thing—that a man wants to be more certain about than the harness for his carriage horses. An imperfect rein or trace or strap often

SIMONS & DRUMMOND.

Open Again at No. 15 Broad Street, Near the Bridge. With a full line of Groceries of all kinds. We invite our friends in the city and country to give us call or send in their orders, which will be filled at home and served from the fire that we are selling at reduced prices. We have made arrangements to handle 1. Pange pork sausage in due time and will send circulars giving price to our friends in different towns.

LEAVING TO-DAY.

1. One White Diamond Patent Flour, 50 lbs. and cotton. This flour is the finest durum in the city.

2. Car Caps. Jessamine. We are selling at fifty cents per barrel lower than the same grade sold in the city.

3. Large and small Timothy Hay.

4. Cars Bran.

4. Cars Oats.

5. Carbs. Flour, much better than bran and short for cow feed. Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Apples, Cabbage and choice Irish potatoes always on hand.

6. Sodas. 25 half barrels Granulated and powdered Sugars.

Our new goods having been bought since the fire and decline in prices, we are prepared to sell goods as cheap. If not otherwise stated in our line of business.

RESP. CULF.

SIMONS & DRUMMOND.

ABOUT 15 MONTHS

I have sold Diamond Patent Flour, without a single complaint. It pleases everybody. A fresh lot just received and for sale by M. MAHONEY.

Decatur street.

It is scarcely necessary to call the attention of our readers to the salesmen of the Standard Oil Company, which appears in the issue of The Constitution.

They are not only large and persistent advertising, but everything which they say is to the point and to the purpose.

Mr. Terry, of Macon, will be in town October 1st.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 2d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 3d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 4d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 5d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 6d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 7d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 8d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 9d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 10d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 11d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 12d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 13d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 14d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 15d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 16d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 17d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 18d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 19d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 20d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 21d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 22d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 23d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 24d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 25d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 26d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 27d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 28d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 29d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 30d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Oct. 31d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Nov. 1d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Nov. 2d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Nov. 3d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Nov. 4d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Nov. 5d.

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Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Nov. 28d.

Mr. Peck, of Marietta, Nov. 29d.

M'BRIDE'S CHINA PALACE

HAMMERED BRASS LAMPS, ELEGANT CHINA,
CUTLERY, CROCKERY, LAMPS, MIRRORS, CHANDELIER, SPOONS, FORKS
CASTORS, STATURE, HOUSEFURNISHING
GOODS, SETH THOMAS CLOCKS, SHOW
CASES, LARGEST STOCK, FINEST
GOODS, LOWEST PRICES IN THE SOUTH,

M'BRIDE'S CHINA PALACE
LOOK OUT FOR
BARGAINS

For the next thirty days I will offer to the public my entire stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, and the celebrated Meriden Britannia Company's Silverware at an astonishingly low price. I guarantee to you that you will save money by giving me a trial. I will sell regardless of profit or cost. You will find me headquarters for fine tinted and white crystal Spectacles and Eye Glasses, which I guarantee to give satisfaction for five years. Call and see them.

A. F. PICKETT,
5 Whitehall street.

COTTON AND WEATHER.

COTTON—Midlands closed in Liverpool yesterday at 5% New York at 10%; in Atlanta at 9%.

DAILY WEATHER REPORT.
OBSERVER'S OFFICE, BOSTON CORP. U. S. A.,
U. S. JUSTICE HOUSE, September 29, 10:31 P.M.
All observations taken at the same moment of time at each place named.

NAME OF STATION.	Banometer	Thermometer	New Point	Wind.	Direction	Force	Rainfall.	Weather
Atlanta	50.1273	55	S.	Fresh	00	Clear.		
Augusta								
Charleston								
Indiana								
Key West								
Mobile								
Montgomery								
New Orleans								
Pensacola								
Pittsburgh								
Savannah								

LOCAL OBSERVATIONS.								
Time of observation.	Max	Min	Rain	Wind.	Direction	Force	Rainfall.	Weather
8:41 a.m.	30.1273	55	W.	Fresh	00	Pear.		
10:31 a.m.	30.1276	55	W.	Fresh	00	Clear.		
9:31 p.m.	30.1482	55	S. W.	Fresh	00	Clear.		
8:3 p.m.	30.1377	54	S.	Light	00	Clear.		
10:31 p.m.	30.1277	55	S.	Fresh	00	Clear.		
Mean daily bar.	30.16	Maximum ther.	82.0					
" " ther.	34.0	Minimum ther.	52.0					
" " buy.	46	Total rainfall.	.00					

COTTON BEAT.

Observations taken at 5 p.m.—Local time.

Atlanta District.	Max	Min	Rain	Wind.	Direction	Force	Rainfall.	Weather
Atlanta	83	62	.00					
Spartburg	84	57	.00					
Toccoa	84	57	.00					
Gainesville	85	56	.00					
Dalton	85	59	.00					
Calhoun	85	57	.00					
Cartersville	85	57	.00					
W. Point	85	57	.00					
Newnan	85	59	.00					
Grinnell	85	64	.00					

ATTRACTIVE

STYLES AND PRICES IN

WATCHES

ARE BEING OFFERED BY THE

J. P. STEVENS WATCH CO.

Don't purchase until you have examined this large stock and obtained their prices.

MEETINGS.

Attention Knights of Pythias.
The members of Atlanta Lodge No. 20 K. of P. are here notified that a special meeting of the lodge, with all the Fraternal Officers, will be held at eight o'clock sharp. Business of importance will be transacted. Work in first and second ranks.

R. L. McINTYRE, C. C.

Attention Knights Templar.
A regular conclave of Coure de Lion Commandery No. 4, K. T., will be held at their asylum, Masonic Hall, Monday night, 1st instant, at 7½ o'clock.

Sojourning knights in the city are courteously invited to present themselves.

A. G. HOWARD, E. C.

B. F. MOORE, Recorder.

Atlanta in the State University.

The following delegation will represent Atlanta at the State University the coming year: Messrs. C. B. Rice and E. C. Konz will enter the freshman class; Messrs. E. C. Green, R. E. Clegg, J. C. Crossell, J. W. Bain, E. O. C. Leyden, Bayard Fowler, Sanders, McDonald, Lucien Knight and L. M. Critchton will enter the sophomore class; Messrs. D. L. Grimes, W. H. Jones, W. H. Tamm, E. M. Mitchell, F. M. Potts, Jr., F. E. Block, Jr., Jack Slaton and Andrew Anderson will enter the junior, and Messrs. T. J. Ripley, J. G. Walker and R. L. Johnson the senior. Atlanta sends a delegation this year than ever before, twenty-four in number.

Arthur H. VanDyke left the city yesterday to enter the North Georgia Agricultural college at Dahlonega.

Removed into better quarters.
For the past week the machinery of the Jones carriage factory has been in transit from the old factory on Marietta street to the Langston & Crane warehouse building, at the corner of Hunter and Tryon streets. The building is much more convenient for business, and it is believed made in order to get nearer the center of the city, so as to conduct business with the factory. Major Jones is turning out some very handsome phaetons, buggies, carriages and other vehicles, and the business of the factory is in a most flourishing condition.

Atlanta's Delegation to the University.
Atlanta will be off to the State university tomorrow 23 students, the largest delegation by double she ever sent. Among the new students are Messrs. Dan Grant, Peter Grant, John Grant, Lucius Knight, Charlie Rice and others. The Atlanta delegation is turning back home of the honors.

The Free Trade Club.

The young men's Free Trade club of Atlanta, which was established at the first of the year, has been growing in membership constantly. At its next regular meeting Monday night a large number of applicants will be received. It is secure free of cost the tract of land, New York, 100 feet wide, under these auspices it was organized, and it has enabled the young men's library to procure as a gift the Cobden Club papers. Applications for membership should be made to the corresponding secretary, Mr. J. F. B. Berkwith.

Paying Their Taxes.
The East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad and the Savannah, Florida and Western paid their taxes to the comptroller general yesterday. The total reached eighteen thousand dollars.

A New Kind.

Mr. J. A. Christian, the popular hatter, at 35 Whitehall street, has imported the newest kind in the way of a double adjustable cap. The boys miss a treat if they don't go around and hear his lecture on how the old thing operates. It's too good to synopsize.

CHAMBERLIN, BOYNTON & CO.

OFFER
THE COMING WEEK MOST EXQUISITE NOVELTIES IN BROCADE VELVETS, ALL THE NEW COLORS, DESIGNS AND FABRICS.

ALSO

THE BIGGEST STOCK BLACK AND COLORED RADZMA, GROS GRAIN, FRENCH FAILLE SILKS IN THIS STATE, AND AT PRICES BEYOND COMPETITION.

EXAMINE OUR CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY MATERIAL. NO SUCH STOCK SOUTH. MORE CARPETS, LATER DESIGNS THAN ANY HOUSE IN THE CITY. PRICES CAN'T BE BEAT.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!
Splendid Stock Shoes, Nice, Fresh Goods. Can Fit Anybody. All Styles.

CHAMBERLIN, BOYNTON & CO.
Agents Butterick Patterns.

A WORD TO THE PUBLIC.

While we haven't been making much of a flourish in the way of advertising in the public journals, we are determined to let everybody know just what we are doing. We have bought this space from The Constitution, and hereafter will be prepared to say many pleasant things of interest to the people. Our business has increased so rapidly that we have had to exactly double our store capacity, and yet we have not been in Atlanta twelve months. This shows how our goods are appreciated. Our line of crockery, silver plated and bronze goods cannot be surpassed in this market.

DOBBS & BROTHER,
53 PEACHTREE, ATLANTA.

FINE ENGRAVINGS.

THE ASSORTMENT OF ENGRAVINGS I HAVE just received from

GOUPIL
consists of ARTISTS' PROOFS

Of the most celebrated artists of Europe and America, and, is, probably, the finest collection ever shown in Atlanta.

During the week we will take great pleasure in showing them, and will make arrangements even-
ing until 10 o'clock.

Successor to Lovejoy & Pitchford,
28 Whitehall street.

LYNCH & LESTER
BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.

COMPLETE LINE OF BLANK BOOKS.

Commercial Stationery printed to order.

F. L. FREYER,
The oldest and only exclusive Dealer in

PIANOS & ORGANS,

In Atlanta, keeps the finest Instruments.

27 WHITEHALL.

Cash or on time. Second-hand Pianos for sale now thoroughly repaired and will last many years yet. Pianos and Organs rented, tuned and repaired. Cash or on time. Second-hand Organs and pianos money, fully warranted. Catalogues and further information cheerfully given by mail. Address: F. L. FREYER, 27 Whitehall st., Atlanta, Ga.

SPECIAL

ANNOUNCEMENT

TO—

THE PUBLIC.

—O.—

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS AND SHOES!

BUYERS OF DRY GOODS

Should keep constantly in mind the fact that there is NO BETTER MARKET ANYWHERE for this class of Goods than Atlanta. We have secured large lines of Domestics and other American Goods from first hands at the lowest prices. Foreign Fabrics were never shown in so great and at such extraordinary low prices. As an evidence of our intentions we present the following list in which

UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS ARE GIVEN!

BOOTS & SHOES

Cheapest hand-made school shoe for boys and girls in the South.

My ability and determination this season is to be further ahead than ever on low prices and reliable goods.

I am determined to increase the good will and confidence the people already feel.

SPOT CASH!

I treat all alike. I don't advertise "Spot Cash" terms OUTSIDE OF THE CITY, and sell INSIDE ON CREDIT. I have adopted the motto :

"SPOT CASH" TO ALL--NO EXCEPTIONS.

Only house in Atlanta selling for spot cash exclusively. All the rest sell on credit, and add a per cent to cover losses and additional expense. Buy from them for cash or credit, and you day this additional per cent.

DAVID H. DOUGHERTY
39 AND 41 PEACHTREEE STREET.

CHICAGO BEEF.

For years the great popular demand among housekeepers in Atlanta and other Southern cities has been for good beef. This is no longer a problem. If it was a problem, we have simply settled it. Now here are a few pertinent questions which we submit without argument or comment:

1. What is the use of buying poor beef when one pound of our fat beef is worth three pounds of any other?
2. Why can't housekeepers understand that it is economy and sense to buy the best beef?
3. Our Chicago Beef is all selected with utmost care in the largest stock yards in the world.
4. Armour & Co., have made their great name by handling only the finest beef and other meats. They have particularly catered to the Southern trade.
5. Our Chicago Beef is placed in cool refrigerator cars and is kept cool all the way to Atlanta and remains in the refrigerator here until sold.
6. We get no common beef; it is all the best.
7. We sell at the lowest possible margin.
8. We do this in order to build up a trade.
9. We are selling one car load every week.
10. Those who use our Chicago Beef won't have any other.
11. We expect to handle four car loads weekly before the season is over.
12. It promotes good health to use healthy beef.

Now here are a dozen unanswerable facts. The public can have them for what they are worth.

THE HOUSEKEEPERS' MAXIM!

"Good Beef is a luxury; poor beef is a misery." Buy the Chicago Beef, which is the best.

We also sell CHICAGO

MUTTON, PORK & PORK SAUSAGE

Shipping orders will have our prompt attention. In the hottest weather this summer we shipped successfully to Savannah, Albany, Macon, Augusta and Montgomery.

Sold at retail only at corner Whitehall and Peters streets, and 69½ Peachtree street.

A. HAAS & BRO

WHAT "SPOT CASH" MEANS.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Don't be deceived by the advertisements of other houses that advertise "Spot Cash." Remember there are two things that spot cash means:

1st. BUYING FOR "SPOT CASH." This gets the lowest price that goods can be sold at, and helps things along.

2nd. SELLING FOR "SPOT CASH." This is much the most important, for it carries the other with it, and much more. With no bad debts to cover, and no collectors to pay for and no interest lost, the man who "sells" for "spot cash" of course buys for spot cash, and saves 15 per cent in bad debts, besides.

Now I assert positively, and defy contradiction, that my house is the only "Spot Cash" dry goods house in Georgia, and that I can sell at 15 per cent less than any credit house.

Other houses may advertise "spot cash" as they do, and claim in the city only to "buy" for spot cash and outside the city to "buy" and "sell" for "spot cash." But I deny that any other house sells for "spot cash." Wherever else you buy you help pay the debts of those who buy on credit and fail to pay.

3rd. There is one other item that is important. Many cash buyers say to themselves: "I always pay 'spot cash' anyhow, so what is the use of going to a spot cash house," and go to a credit house and buy.

Here is the difference: You go into a credit store and pay "spot cash." In a moment comes a customer who wants to buy on credit. He buys goods at just what you were charged, though you paid "spot cash." He goes out of the store with his goods and does not pay for them. In your purchase though you paid "spot cash," you paid part of the loss incurred by his not paying. So does every other spot cash customer of a credit store help carry the credit customers.

Come to the store where every man has to pay "spot cash," and where there are no losses to be charged up against your money.

I have thought it best to print this little lecture on "spot cash," because others are trying to mislead the people.

D H. DOUGHERTY,
The only "Spot Cash" Store.

The great advantage

SPOT CASH

Both ways, buying and selling.

Large trade enables me to handle goods in solid cases from first hands, thus making package discounts of 10 per cent.

THE PENNY SYSTEM

Gives to each customer his exact change. Justice to all, even in the smallest matters.

SPECIAL LINES.

Ladies' Gentlemen's and Children's Underwear, Superb lines of Ladies' and Gents' fine Hosiery, in Silk and Lisle Goods. Cloaks, Paletots, Newmarkets, Russian Circulars, Dolmans, Jackets &c. A big feature for this season. A great many already in and balance very soon. Cheaper than last year.

Dress Goods, Silks, Satins and Cashmeres, black and colored. Plain and Brocaded Velvets and Plushes. Novelties in Dress Goods and Trimmings, Flannels and Pants Goods, Blankets, Comforts and Quilts, Domestic, Handkerchiefs, Neckwear.



Anything in our Line Artistically Executed in the best Style, and Eastern Prices Duplicated.

ORDERS BY MAIL RECEIVE AS PROMPT ATTENTION AS IF MADE IN PERSON.

THE PRESS AND PEOPLE ENDORSE OUR PUBLICATIONS AS THE BEST.

ESTABLISHED 1829—25,000 READERS.

THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR:

AND

DIXIE FARMER.

ESTABLISHED 1821.



THE Leading Religious newspaper in the South.

By recent purchases, THE CULTIVATOR now combines THE DIXIE FARMER, Atlanta, Ga.; THE PLANTER, Mobile, Ala.; THE RURAL SUN, Nashville, Tenn.; and includes the patrons of these with its own large list of subscribers.

THE INTENSIVE SYSTEM OF FARMING by Mr. DAVID DICKSON, covering the entire system of Southern Agriculture, is now being published in THE CULTIVATOR, in series of twelve monthly numbers.

SUBSCRIPTION: One year in advance, postage paid, \$1.50; single copy, fifteen cents.

P. O. Drawer 8.

JAS. P. HARRISON & CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SEED OATS.

RED RUST-PROOF SEED OATS AT THE EXCLUSIVE FEED STORE, CORNER BROAD AND Hunte streets.

JOHN H. HOOD & CO.

ENGLISH CHIME CLOCKS

We have just imported the handsomest line of Clocks ever seen in Georgia.

The finest and most exquisite Bronze Clocks and Candelabra sets.

As the centre piece of this collection we have

AN ENGLISH CHIME CLOCK

that is a marvel of music and beauty. It was imported to our order, and is offered for \$1,000.

PARIAN MARBLE STATUTES.

We have just received a superb line Parian Marble Figures, that surpass in delicacy and artistic beauty anything we have ever offered to the public.

BRONZE PEDESTALS AND VASES

We call especial attention to our Bronze goods, which cannot be described.

We respectfully invite the public to visit our store and see our

ART GOODS,

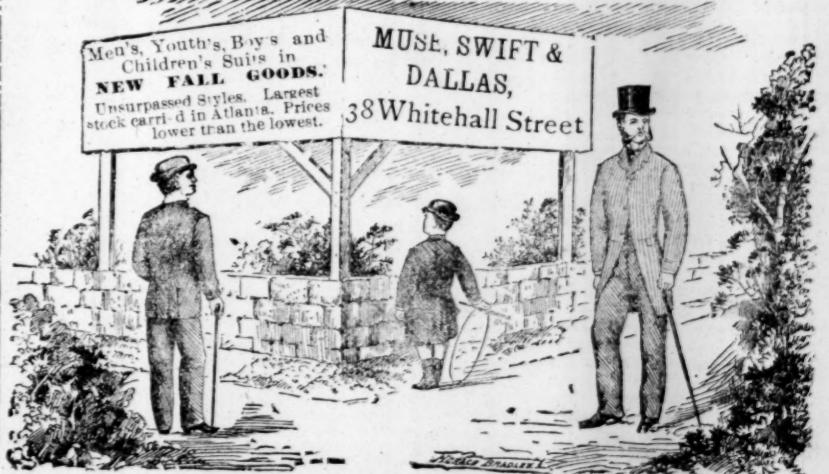
JEWELRY

AND

WATCHES

We guarantee to please you in selection, quality of goods and price.

FREEMAN & CRANKSHAW



A NOCTURNE IN GOWNS.

WHAT BRIDES WEAR AND HOW IT LOOKS.

A Symphony in Wrappers—A \$300 Gown That a Young Bride Thought Too Sweet for Anything—Short Sleeves—Classic Drawery—Laundry Expenses, Etc.

From the New York World.

The blonde head was bent low over a cloud of fleecy lace that occupied part of the counter in the large Broadway drygoods house yesterday. After a prolonged inspection the wearer of the light hair turned to the older lady by her side and said with a pleased smile:

"Isn't it beautiful, mama?"

"Yes. But it is very expensive."

"Yes, it is a little expensive, but just see how perfect every thing is. See the cunning little pocket and the delicate blue cord running down the sides. O, I must have one like that," and the young lady held the marvel of lace and insertion at arm's length and with head perched bird-like on one side contemplates a garment fit for a queen—or for an American girl.

To the uninitiated male spectator the apparel on exhibition appeared to be a very ornate ball-dress, except that there was no train and the intricacies of lace and ruching and frills seemed rather formless. A whispered inquiry of the saleslady in waiting as to the nature of the dress on exhibition brought the low reply:

"It is a nocturne in night-dresses."

"A what?"

"A symphony in evening wrappers. In plain English, it is a beautiful night-gown, designed for a New York bride."

"Is it expensive?"

"Not very. That one cost \$125. We have a few more costly, and quite a number equally ornate, but less valuable. This one is used as a sample only. When a lady purchases such a robe, she has it made to order, as it is just as necessary to guarantee a perfect fit in this class of goods as in costumes designed for public wear."

"But it does not look so expensive night-dress?" At first sight it appears to be useless extravagance to waste so much money on a garment seen by but one person and worn only at night."

"You would be surprised," she said with a smile, "at the number of expensive gowns sold. Now here," taking down a satin-lined box and exposing its contents, "this robe alone is worth \$300, nearly half as much as a Worth dress. Our best purchasers are, of course, brides—that is, girls on the eve of marriage. No, I don't think you've got a great deal to do with the selection of such expensive night-dresses. Every woman likes to appear well in the eyes of her lord, and it is as much a compliment to him as to herself to dress well for him alone. Then, too, the mothers of the girls are always anxious that their daughters' undergarments and night-robies should be of the finest material. If a bride is difficult to satisfy at this counter, her mother is always found infinitely more difficult."

"Are the finer robes imported?"

"Oh, no; we tried that plan for some time, but it failed. Foreign dress-makers appear to have no idea of what is required in an American night-dress. They are so accustomed to fitting the fuller forms of their English, French and German customers that they have lost all faculty for properly drapping the lithe, willowy figures of the average American girl. So we have these costumes made up here. Much of the material is imported, however. This real lace about the sleeves and filled in across the back and down the waist is from Belgium, and this edging about the skirt is from France. The material is of domestic production, and is the finest of its kind. See!"

SHORT SLEEVES.

She lifted the garment tenderly and held it at arm's length, the soft material falling in clinging folds to the floor. Creamy white percale formed the back-ground for the display of a profusion of delicate lace. Cut very decollete, the opening was half concealed by downy traceries of hand-made lace, and down the front breadth the same material was carried in graceful curves. The narrow bands across the shoulder and ending in delicate rosettes, drawing away with the necessity for sleeves. A cord of pale pink traced the outlines of the figure to the waist.

"Some of the night-dresses," explained the saleslady, "are made with loose, flowing sleeves filled in with tulle, but the majority are made low-necked and sleeveless, as this one is. It depends, of course, entirely upon the personal preference and appearance of the purchaser. If the bride is the fortunate possessor of whiskered arms, the shoulders of whom ever she is proud, her choice falls naturally upon the garment which best reveals those charms. I have noticed that younger ladies select the sleeveless robe, nine-tenths of the widows ask that the sleeves be sewed in and give minute directions upon this point," and carefully refolding the garments she replaced it in its box.

A request to look at different colored night-robies was met with a pitying smile, and the information was tendered that white alone was used in their manufacture. Why this was so, was not explained, but it was clear that white was symbolic of purity and innocence. "Why," she continued, "we would drive a prospective bride away by the mere suggestion of any other hued garment. The only color permissible is a very delicate tracing of cord, almost imperceptible. Even with this bit of color we have enough difficulty in suiting our customers. It must harmonize exactly with the complexion of the wearer or she refuses to take it. In one particular case I found a slender young woman shaded fine three times before con-forming to the capricious tastes of the Brooklyn girl. In one instance a slender piece of cardinal ribbon was inserted around the neck half hidden by the lace. But this was the exception case of a pronounced brunette. If color is desired a handkerchief worn in the pocket gives the desired effect."

"Is a \$300 night-dress really any more comfortable than a \$1 gown?" was asked after the saleslady had bowed out a fault-finding customer.

CLASSIC DRAPERY.

"Well," she replied reflectively, as a pair of dimples grew into the corners of her mouth. "It is difficult to say. While a cheap robe may be equally as comfortable, you can see for yourself how much more beautiful these finer dresses are. The first requisite of such a robe is that it should be soft, touching, satiny about it. Everything should be soft and yielding to the touch. So the more expensive the material the more down-like it is, and consequently the more comfortable. A gown is, you see, the diametrical opposite of a jersey—from a modiste's point of view. The one is made to fit closely, bringing every curve into relief. The other is worn more loosely than a day-dress could be worn, and is shorter and more open than a street or ball-dress."

Further information was forthcoming to the effect that orders for these expensive goods came almost entirely from this city and Brooklyn. Occasionally a southern girl purchasing her trousseau in the city would order two of the dresses, but from the wealthy residents in New York came the greater part of the custom. The tendency to richer night-appeal seemed to be growing, and all elaborate trousseaus purchased recently included expensive gowns of this class.

In two or three instances visited special drapsters were kept who did nothing but work on these garments, to such an extent had the demand grown. Besides a large portion of the needle-women's time was devoted to repairing the originally expensive lace marvels.

"These things," the forewoman explained,

pointing to the gowns on a table near by, "are continually being brought to us to be mended or to have little rents in the ruching or lace work carefully repaired. There is one reason, apart from the first cost, why only very wealthy ladies afford these luxuries. To a lady that kicks at night, or who is at all restless, a delicately made gown is an expensive investment. The least restless movement causes a tear, which takes time, trouble and money to repair. We have had this garment returned half a dozen times for repair within three months," holding up a filmy net.

LAUNDRY EXPENSE.

"Another expense is the laundry work, which must be carefully done, after the removal of the delicate lace. Taken altogether, one of these robes is more trouble to the wearer than a pet poodle," and the speaker glanced across the store to an eruc poodle that was quietly masticating a lady's silk train.

Across the street a large men's furnishing establishment advertised "night-shirts as presents." Inquiry elicited the information that quite a trade in shirts of this prescription was carried on, and that the purchasers in most cases were ladies. "They buy them for their sweethearts first, their husbands and brothers next," softly said the young man with the banded hair who presided over the department. "I am sure it is quite fashionable for a young lady to present her finance with an elegant robe de nuit. Young wives, too, like to surprise their husbands with such testimonials of affection. Then we have a class of customers who purchase these shirts for their own wear. Most of these are duders. I believe, though occasionally an old man who is about to commit matrimony a second or third time invests a pair of high-priced shirts. Oh, prices range from \$5 to \$20, according to material, workmanship and amount of lace used. You won't have one to say, then? Good day."

PERFECTLY CONTENT TO DIE.

A Brookyn Mas Graville His Last Wish on Earth. From the New York Journal.

"I would like to look of some butter," said a smooth-voiced man who sank upon an inverted tub in a Vesey-st. provision store. The cheery-faced proprietor inserted a knife into an open firkin and handed it to the customer, remarking: "Orange County, sir; fine grade."

"Delicious," said the smooth-voiced man; "did the smooth-voiced man:

"Orange county? I seem to smell the sweet clover and see the waving grass gently kissed by the summer zephyrs, while the lowing kine call to the rosy-cheeked maid to draw their milk. Ah, there's poetry in the thought of Orange country butter."

"Yes, and money to; 33 cents a pound and rising. Could I sell you half-a-dozen tubs today, sir?"

"I would like to look at some other variety. You have other brands, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," said the man of butter as he uncovered several grades: "Creamery, Western, Philadelphia roll—"

"Excuse me," said the smooth-voiced man; "did I understand Philadelphia? Ah, how that thrills me! I see the pretty young Quakeress in her modest garb as she deftly wields the dasher, her sleeves rolled above the dimpled bosom; she stands by the window where the fragrance of purple blossoms is borne on the air and the sunlit face of nature smiles a benison upon her as she resolves the yielding fluid into the productive substance. Sweet, sweet thoughts."

"Yes, and sweet, sweet price too," said the butter man somewhat severely. "Sixty cents when it ought to be 30. And there's Echo farm, Jersey—"

"I beg your pardon, Jersey. Oh—" said the smooth-faced man, as a look of long lost happiness dawned within his eyes; "let me look upon Jersey butter once again. Visions of the golden bowl of butter melting into its warm folds, of wind-tossed chestnuts and the golden-haired girl companion of that autumn day. The low-roofed farmhouse, the honest farmer, the equally honest but sometimes reckless watch-dog—and the smooth-voiced man absently extended a hand beneath his coat tails. "Happy, happy days."

"Say," said the butter man, whose face had somewhat lost its cheery look. "Is there anything in this store you want to buy?"

"Not to-day," said the smooth-voiced man, hesitatingly. "You see I board in Brooklyn."

"Well, what has that got to do with my Jersey butter?"

"I have boarded in Brooklyn for nineteen years," said the smooth-voiced man, "and I thought I would like to look at some butter—real butter—again before I die. You have gratified an old man's wish. I have given good look at all your butter and I will go now," and he slipped softly over the oleomargarined floor into the passing procession of the street, leaving a look of pain upon the face of the man of butter."

"I have," said the smooth-voiced man, "had something lost its cheery look. "Is there anything in this store you want to buy?"

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"Not to-day,"

KENNESAW MILLS

A FEW WORDS OF COMMON SENSE.

Notwithstanding the fact that a great deal of "blowing" is being done by dealers in Flour made outside of the State, the

'KENNESAW MILLS FLOUR.'

continues to hold its own against all "foreign" interruption, and has come out victorious in every contest where actual merit has been at stake. We lay down three distinct propositions which we defy anybody to dispute. Here they are:

1. That we make the best grade of fine Flour sold in Georgia.

2. That we can and do sell our highest grade for less money than the same quality from any other mills.

3. That we can afford to sell cheaper, because we buy our grain as cheap as anybody and have the advantage of being in the State, twenty miles from Atlanta, thus saving long freights.

It is all nonesense to think for one moment that an Atlanta dealer can pay freights all the way from St. Louis, Louisville, or

Minneapolis, and compete with a Georgia Mill, having the same cost of production. It cannot be done, and the people will find it out after awhile. We don't care to make any long-winded war-whoop. But when we know we have as fine machinery as any mill in the United States, with every facility for manufacturing as cheaply as can be done anywhere; and when we have stood all fair competition without ever flinching a particle, we know on which side the dividing line our Flour lies.

WE WILL PAY \$1.00

for any impurities found in Kennesaw Mills Flour. We will put our Flour alongside the finest made in the country.

READ WHAT THE STATE CHEMIST SAYS.

I have subjected the flour to careful and thorough examination---chemical and microscopical---and I find it to be of excellent quality and perfectly pure wheat flour, containing not the slightest trace of impurity or adulteration of any sort whatever.

The flour has evidently been manufactured with great care, and is as pure as can possibly be made from wheat.

Respectfully yours,
H. C. WHITE, State Chemist.

To Georgia dealers we say, our long established reputation remains unsullied. We can and will save you freights. Saving freights is money in your pockets. Don't be humbugged by the long stories about Western Flour. Look at home for your best interests. Encourage home enterprise. No Patent Flour is ahead of "OUR PATENT FLOUR." We have the

ROLLER PROCESS

The best in the world. Keep your money in Georgia. Our Mills are going night and day. We are satisfied with our position and are not afraid of outsiders. In Florida, where the "Patapsco Flour" had the run of the State, we have completely routed the market.

KENNESAW MILLS COMPANY,

26 ALABAMA STREET, ATLANTA.

LARGEST SOUTH OF BALTIMORE!

STOVES & COOKERS

SIGN OF THE BIG DOG.

REMOVAL!

WE HAVE REMOVED OUR
MAMMOTH ESTABLISHMENT
TO 9 WHITEHALL.

WHAT WE CLAIM:

That ours is the

SARGEST STOVE HOUSE

South of Baltimore. That we do better and cheaper Tin Work than anybody in the South.

NO EXCEPTION.

27,000 SQUARE FEET OF FLOOR SPACE! FIVE FLOORS.

OUR BIG SPECIALTY: "CHARTER OAK" STOVES.

A. P. STEWART & CO., 9 Whitehall Street.



OUR SPECIALTIES!

"CHARTER OAK"

STOVES.

35,000 SOLD THIS YEAR.

WE DEFY COMPETITION.

Gas Fitting and Plumbing at living rates. House-Furnishing Goods, Fine Heating Stoves,

GALVANIZED CORNICE WORK,

See the Moore & Marsh building.

MERCHANTS will save money by seeking our prices. We make all kinds of Piece Tin-ware.

SOCIAL GOSSIP.

THE WEEK AND ITS ENTERTAINMENTS.

Two People Here and Elsewhere—The Marriage Season is Full Blast—Social Clubs and Reunions. Rumors of Stage and Footlight Happenings—Fashion Notes—Women's Ways.

The weather during the past week has been cool and delightful. Society matters have been rather dull than otherwise, one or two quiet weddings, a double wedding at the Sixth Methodist church, a silver wedding, one or two parties, an elegant entertainment by the young ladies' Home Missionary society of the First Presbyterian church. These in connection with three night's performances and matinee at the opera house, aided in relieving the dullness of the week.

Dilettantes.

Several sparkling, pretty rebusoudes, prospective belles, will be added to Atlanta society this winter. Well-educated, attractive every night, they come out with a many a woman's artistry to bear upon the gallantry of Atlanta society men.

Grand Ball.

All the necessary arrangements have been perfected for a ball to come off at the Dempsey house, Jackson Street, Saturday evening. Friends of the parties who have the management of the affair, and who are so fortunate as to attend can confidently anticipate an evening of much pleasure.

Jewish New Year.

The year 5541 of the Jewish calendar begins on Tuesday, and the New Year day is one of the principal holidays of the Hebrew people. The month of October will be in great part taken up with observances from the beginning of the year, for it behoves a good Israelite to begin this new period right, so that he may enjoy its promised blessing.

A Flirt.

A correspondent of THE CONSTITUTION writes asking the definition of the word "flirt." How will this answer? In a talk with Mr. Mark Lyon, recently seen, he said, "It's a social excrecence, light as ether, and inconsistent as the morning glory. Like the meandering zephyr it kissest each convenient cheek, and yet never touches a heart."

Irwinton Social Club Ball.

The ball at the courthouse in Irwinton, given by the young ladies of Irwinton, was a decided success, affording much pleasure upon all who attended, and reflected great credit upon the management. The music was inspiring, the dancing was exceedingly enjoyable, while the conversation was spirited. The girls of Irwinton, beauty and chivalry not only of Irwinton, but of other towns and cities, was elegantly represented. Many thanks, was the verdict of the guests to the club for an evening of much enjoyment.

"For Himself Hath Said It."

Two young gentlemen, the one of a city of southern Georgia, the other of a city of the South, have been very attentive to one of Atlanta's fairest and most attractive young ladies. Just now they are rather public in praise of her beauty, but say they better make up. The girls are won over to the beauty and chivalry not only of Irwinton, but of other towns and cities, was elegantly represented. Many thanks, was the verdict of the guests to the club for an evening of much enjoyment.

Going to the Opera House.

The season at Georgia's opera house is now about opened, and a word to theater habitues is not out of place. Last season it became the fashion of some to make their arrival at the opera house late, frequently staying until after the curtain had risen. Late arrivals always distract attention by disturbing those who are seated and listening to the performance. If the object is simply to attract attention it is a wise plan; but if it is to be a proper reason for the comfort, convenience and pleasure of others, it is not best to make an effort to be present at least before the first rise of the curtain?

The Bishop's New Robe.

Bishop Beckwith has just received from England the last element of his robes that ever came to him. They consist of a tunic and a cloak, which are made of the finest heavy black satin, with the most expensive lining, cambric lining sleeves. The tunic is lined with white silk, and the cloak with black serice silk. The robes were made by Eddie & Son, robe-makers, in London. They make all the robes for the highest dignitaries of Europe, and those seen in the catalogues. The robe is the most expensive in Europe. Bishop Beckwith will wear the new robe in the first of next week. The general conference of the bishops, which meet in Philadelphia. The English first have a very dignified way of addressing bishops, and "My Lord" was the way Bishop Beckwith's letters were commenced.

A PLEASANT OCCASION.

Entertainments Friday Night at the "Young Ladies' Home" Anniversary.

On Thursday evening last the elegant double parlor at the residence of Mr. J. W. English, were filled with a refined and appreciative audience, the occasion being an entertainment given by the young ladies of the city. The First Presbyterian church. A handsome time was realized, before refreshments were served, a delightful program of literary and musical exercises were rendered. The young ladies of the city, under the direction of Mr. James H. Moore, read a very happy original character sketch, which appeared in the last Christmas number of the *Widow Boy*. Miss Irene Fariss and Miss Tillie played a piano duet; Miss Nell Bell starkly recited with much ability; Miss Anna Cummings recited a scene from *Lear*, which elicited applause; Miss Eve Cuckler sang an aria from "Linda," in her usual artful manner; Miss Sallie Kendricks recited a poem which was well received; and Miss E. W. Small, of this city, Miss Kenrick's widow, one of the most pathetic persons ever to appear in Atlanta, and she merited the loud applause which followed. A musical trio by Messrs. Massa, Ballard and Prudene was much appreciated and received a hearty encores. Mr. George Richardson, and Mrs. Keely sang "Good bye." Mr. Courtney sang a descriptive song, "The White Squall." Miss Fannie Black received a warm reception in her recitation of "The White Squall." Mr. Smith Clayton sang a very happy original character sketch, which appeared in the last Christmas number of the *Widow Boy*. Miss Irene Fariss and Miss Tillie played a piano duet; Miss Nell Bell starkly recited with much ability; Miss Anna Cummings recited a scene from *Lear*, which elicited applause; Miss Eve Cuckler sang an aria from "Linda," in her usual artful manner; Miss Sallie Kendricks recited a poem which was well received; and Miss E. W. Small, of this city, Miss Kenrick's widow, one of the most pathetic persons ever to appear in Atlanta, and she merited the loud applause which followed. A musical trio by Messrs. Massa, Ballard and Prudene was much appreciated and received a hearty encores. Mr. George Richardson, and Mrs. Keely sang "Good bye." Mr. Courtney sang a descriptive song, "The White Squall." Miss Fannie Black received a warm reception in her recitation of "The White Squall." Mr. Smith Clayton sang a very happy original character sketch, which appeared in the last Christmas number of the *Widow Boy*. Miss Irene Fariss and Miss Tillie played a piano duet; Miss Nell Bell starkly recited with much ability; Miss Anna Cummings recited a scene from *Lear*, which elicited applause; Miss Eve Cuckler sang an aria from "Linda," in her usual artful manner; Miss Sallie Kendricks recited a poem which was well received; and Miss E. W. Small, of this city, Miss Kenrick's widow, one of the most pathetic persons ever to appear in Atlanta, and she merited the loud applause which followed.

Mr. W. F. Williams, of Atlanta, is making a visit of several weeks to relatives in Louisville, Ky.

Mr. Henry C. Peoples of Atlanta, was a guest at the Maxwell home, here, on Saturday evening. Mrs. Anna Cohen, the daughter of her many friends, has left city to visit friends in Austin, Texas.

Messrs. L. H. Haas, J. G. Bushing and L. J. Hart, of Atlanta, visited Charleston during the past week.

Colonel L. W. Avery, wife and children left the city Sunday to visit the exhibitions at Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. N. P. T. Finch, of this city, will leave this afternoon for the Louisville and Cincinnati exposition.

Messrs. T. R. Ripley and R. H. Johnson will leave the city to-morrow for A. Hens, where they go to attend the Louisville and Cincinnati exposition.

Mrs. John H. James accompanied by her daughter, Miss Lizzie, and Miss Ida Carter, of Walton county, left the city Thursday for New York. The young ladies will enter some school at the past week.

Mr. W. Richardson and wife after a short but pleasant bridal trip have returned to the city.

Misses Eliza Reese and Jalia Rice, of Atlanta, have returned from a visit to Macon during the week.

Miss Hattie Wharton has returned to her home in this city from a visit to Rome.

Judge H. K. McWayne has returned to his home in this city from a visit to Rome.

Mr. W. Richardson and wife after a short but pleasant bridal trip have returned to the city.

Misses Eliza Reese and Jalia Rice, of Atlanta, have returned from a visit to Macon during the week.

Misses Lillie and Stella Galaher, of West Hunter street, have returned home from a pleasant visit to East Tennessee.

Mrs. Eugene P. Black and Master Charlie Black returned to their home in Atlanta Thursday, after a week's absence.

Colonel R. F. Maddox, wife and daughter, Miss Anna, have returned home from a visit to New York.

Mrs. Cincinnati Peoples and Mrs. G. A. Cabanis, of Atlanta, have returned home from a visit to Macon during the week.

Misses Lillie and Stella Galaher, of West Hunter street, have returned home from a pleasant visit to East Tennessee.

Talbotton New Era—Mrs. Lucy Bain, of Atlanta, spent several days in the city recently the guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. J. Weeks, she has two brothers and a sister.

The truth is scandal with malicious reports whereby the spirit is vexed, and health consequently impaired, is a disease of murder, and it should be incorporated in the criminalities and the law should be punished to the utmost.

MATRIMONIAL.

BARNETT—BENNETT.

Married September 27th, the bride's father, in Atlanta, Georgia, Mr. Thomas Bennett to Miss Lucy Bennett, Rev. E. S. Vaughan officiating. No cards.

BROWN—SMITH.

Married September 2nd, at the residence of the Central Presbyterian church Atlanta, by the Rev. G. B. Strickler. Mr. Burnhard, T. Kuhl and Miss Anna C. Smith. No cards.

GORDON—REEVES.

On the 24th, at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. W. F. Reeves, 314 Rawson street, Mr. J. L. Gordon was married to Miss Matilda V. Reeves, all of this city. Mr. John F. D. Oliver officiating. No cards.

STANTON—FITE.

Near Resaca, on Wednesday, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. A. Fite, Mr. J. A. Stanton, of Social Circle, was married to Miss Lilla Fite, Rev. W. M. Bridges officiating. Mr. Stanton is an intelligent family man, and has won a popular young lady, Gordon. No cards.

Mr. C. W. Warner and Miss Lizzie White were married the morning of the 25th at the residence

of Mr. W. W. Warner—White.

Mr. C. W. Warner and Miss Lizzie White were married the morning of the 25th at the residence

of the bride's father in West Point, Rev. B. F. Fariss officiating. Immediately after the marriage, the bride and groom went to the Atlanta exposition and the northern lakes. Mr. Warner is a popular business young man of West Point. His bride is the daughter of Mayor W. E. White, and is a charming young girl.

FITZGERALD—NEWMAN.

At 3 o'clock, Sep. 25th, at the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Mr. E. Fitzgerald, of Atlanta, was married Miss Katie Newman, daughter of Judge W. T. Newman, of Rome. Rev. G. A. Nunnally officiating.

The bridal party, passing into the church to receive tokens of the sweet, was met by Mr. Harrison, Miss Fannie Berrien and Mr. Moses, Miss Jones, Newman and Mr. J. Burkhardt.

The bride and groom, the servers were Misses Mary and Adeline Clark, who played at Pege's opera house Thursday and Friday nights, and among the han-damned actresses on the stage. She is the happy possessor of a very fine Scotch terrier.

There will be no less than ten bridesmaids at one of the most brilliant affairs of the season.

SIXTEEN BLISS.

Six weddings are booked to come off in the city before the first of December.

Mr. Arthur Miller, son of Colonel R. E. Miller, and the popular night clubber of the East Tennessee and the Carolinas, will leave the city in a few days for Illinois. When he returns he will be accompanied by one of the lovely daughters of that state.

An announcement has been made of the engagement of Mrs. Mrs. M. A. Rauchberg, of Atlanta, to Mr. M. A. Rauchberg.

GRAND BALL.

All the necessary arrangements have been per-

formed for a ball to come off at the Dempsey house, Jackson Street, Saturday evening. Friends of the parties who have the management of the affair, and who are so fortunate as to attend can confidently anticipate an evening of much pleasure.

GRAND BALL.

The wedding of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. White, of Atlanta, took place on Saturday evening at the Hotel Atlantic, 100 Peachtree street.

MISSES GEORGIA GREEN, of Atlanta, Jennie Jones, of Newnan, and Mrs. Lillian Morris, of Atlanta, will spend the next year studying art at the Cooper Union.

MISSES ADALINE CLARK, who played at Pege's opera house Thursday and Friday nights, and among the han-damned actresses on the stage. She is the happy possessor of a very fine Scotch terrier.

MISSES MARY and ADELINE CLARK.

MISSES MARY and ADELINE CLARK.